THE

LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR

ENTERTAINING COMPANION

FOR

THE FAIR SEX;

APPROPRIATED

SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

FOR AUGUST, 1803.

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This Number is embelliſhed with the following Copper-plates:

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5 MUSIC—THE SEA-BOY.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Hilario's contribution is inadmiſſible, from reaſons which we doubt not will eaſily ſuggeſt themſelves to the author.

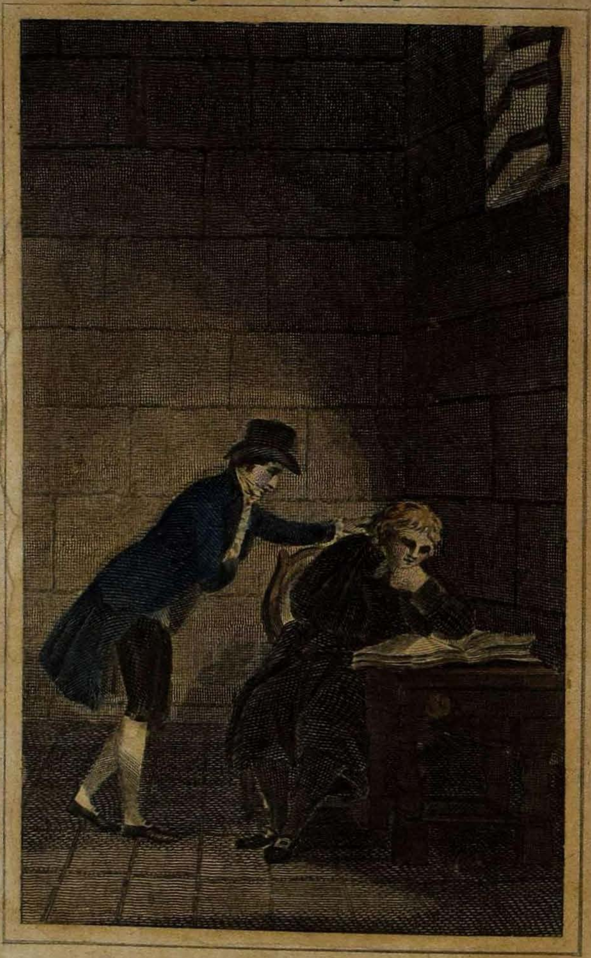
J. C.'s communication is intended for inſertion.

We hope ſoon to hear from R. F.

Lucinda's Eſſay ſhall have a place.

The Rival Lovers—Addreſs to the Genius of Britain—Lines to Miſs Y. —Hope, an Extempore—Epiſtle to Maria—R. L.'s Enigma—are received.

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.



The generous Curate.

THE
LADY's MAGAZINE,
For AUGUST, 1803.

THE GENEROUS CURATE;

A TALE.

(With an elegant Engraving.)

THE generous and benevolent man acquires with difficulty that knowledge of the world which is neceſſary to guard him againſt impoſition: incapable of deceit himſelf, he cannot miſtruſt it in others; and it is only by experience, frequently dearly purchaſed, that he can be taught to ſuſpect external appearances and fair profeſſions. Yet though this diſpoſition may render the virtuous the occaſional prey of the vicious, they ſtill enjoy the rich reward of a good conſcience, and ſometimes meet with kindred ſpirits who amply recompence them for all they may have ſuffered from thoſe of baſer nature.

In a ſmall village, diſtant a few miles from a faſhionable place of ſummer reſort, in the North of England, reſided a young clergyman of the name of Manning, who performed the clerical duties at the parochial church of the place in the abſence of the vicar, who was a man of wealth and eminence, and had other preferments to attend to, for the ſmall ſtipend of thirty pounds a-year. So ſcanty an income muſt neceſſarily have confined him to the practice of that ſelf-denial and mortification which was more frequent in the church in the primitive ages than it is at preſent; but, fortunately, he was employed in the ſame manner by the rector of a neighbouring pariſh at the ſame ſalary, and thus, between both, he not only made ſhift to live, but to ſave a little money, without breaking into a ſmall capital of a hundred and fifty pounds which had been left him by a relation, and which he had put out to intereſt in the hands of a reſpectable farmer in the neighbourhood.

Mr. Manning was a man of the ſimpleſt manners and moſt unſuſpicious goodneſs of heart. He had never even ſeen the capital, and was almoſt as little acquainted with the habits and real character of perſons who have been bred up and long reſided in great cities as with thoſe of the inhabitants of the moon. He had a ſerious and heart-felt ſenſe of the great truths of religion and the importance of the duties of his profeſſion, which he moſt conſcientiouſly performed. The exerciſe of charity and benevolence was not conſidered by him as a duty, but a pleaſure in which it was a luxury to indulge. The poorer claſſes of his pariſhioners loved and adored him; and the more wealthy and faſhionable, in their occaſional viſits, though they might ſmile at his ſimplicity and ignorance of what is called the world, could not but admire, and indeed revere, his unaffected piety, his blameleſs conduct, and uſeful virtues.

As Mr. Manning was walking, on a fine ſummer's evening, along a pleaſant rural path which led to the village in which he reſided, he was overtaken by a ſtranger, whoſe air and manner appeared to announce him an accompliſhed gentleman, and who entered into converſation with him on the ſeaſonable ſerenity of the weather and the beauties of the ſurrounding ſcene, interſperſing many moral and religious reflections in his diſcourſe. The worthy curate was extremely pleaſed with his companion, who appeared to him to poſſeſs very extenſive information on every ſubject, and who ſeemed to be as diſtinguiſhed for his morality and piety as for his various knowledge and experience in life.

The ſtranger ſoon found an opportunity to advert to the hiſtory of his own affairs. He was, he ſaid, the ſon of a gentleman who had poſſeſſed a conſiderable eſtate in Yorkſhire, but who, by too great indulgence in faſhionable pleaſures, had left it ſo incumbered with debts and mortgages, that the whole had fallen into the hands of his uncle, who had advanced money to his father at different times. There was, however, he added, a part of it, of the value of four hundred a-year, which was of ſuch a nature, that he was convinced the law allowed no claims of that kind on it, and it muſt devolve to him. But he who had ſeized it had a much longer purſe than himſelf, and defended his pretended right with obſtinacy: he was, he ſaid, indeed, at that very moment, in an extremely diſagreeable and mortifying ſituation—for want of only about twenty pounds, which he knew not how immediately to raiſe, he ſhould incur an expence to the amount of treble that ſum at leaſt, beſides a tedious delay, and perhaps be ultimately obliged to deſiſt from proſecuting a claim which was univerſally allowed to be juſt. He then proceeded to ſevere invectives againſt the rapacity, cruelty, and fraud, of his uncle; who, he ſaid, had not in reality advanced more than half the money he claimed, and who, he verily believed, had been guilty of forgery to eſtabliſh his demands, though he could not then obtain proofs of that fact. He ended with repeating of what eſſential ſervice the ſum he had mentioned would be to him at that time, adding a number of moral obſervations on the wickedneſs of the world, and the deceit and ſelfiſhneſs of mankind in general.

The honeſt curate, who had, indeed, before, as well as now, heard of the wickedneſs of the world and the deceit and ſelfiſhneſs of mankind, never once ſuſpected that they could lie hidden under ſo plauſible an exterior, or that the perſon with whom he was converſing was no other than a ſharper. He felt a generous indignation againſt the conduct of the uncle who could endeavour to deprive the ſon of his brother of his right, and render him a beggar; and he ſincerely ſympathiſed with the perſecuted nephew. Feeling thus, he, without heſitation, anſwered that he hoped all mankind were not alike; and told Mr. Hawkley, the ſtranger who had related this ſad ſtory, that, though he was entirely unknown to him, he ſhould be welcome to the money he wanted imediately, if it would enable him to recover his right and reſcue him from indigence.

This was more than his new friend had expected; however, after much pretended heſitation and many promiſes of the ample remuneration which he would one day make for ſuch generoſity and the confidence repoſed in him, which he declared he could not have believed he

should have found in the world, he suffered himself to be prevailed on to accept the offer. He went home with Mr. Manning, and contrived his conversation so as to learn the exact state of the good curate's affairs, and thus formed an estimate of the precise advantage that might be made of his credulity.

A few days after, Hawkley returned with a companion who personated an attorney: they informed Mr. Manning that it was discovered that Mr. Hawkley would be able to recover a much larger part of the estate than he had at first expected, but that, to enable him to do this, fifty pounds more would be necessary immediately, for which they offered what they called undeniable security.

They proceeded in this manner till they had obtained from the unwary curate all the ready money of which he was possessed, and all that he had out at interest in the hands of the farmer. Hawkley then tried a new lure: he told the curate that he should now soon be able to make him ample amends for his generous kindness, for that he had lately met with sir John Heathcote, who had been the intimate friend of his father, and who would supply him with money for his law-suit. He added there was a living of about three hundred a-year now vacant, in the gift of sir John, and if he would raise or borrow about a couple of hundred pounds he knew how to apply the money in such a manner as to insure him the presentation.

Mr. Manning rejected this proposal with a kind of indignation: he said he would never be concerned in any transaction so disgraceful to a Christian divine as the obtaining a living by the aid of money.

'No, no,' cried Hawkley, 'I mean no simoniacal contract, I assure you; but I am just going to set out to meet sir John, and if you can raise me about thirty or forty pounds more, for the last time, I will take care that your piety and virtue shall not fail of meeting its due reward.'

The curate advanced the money, though he was obliged to borrow it, after which his pretended friend left the town where he had resided: it was discovered that he and his companion were two notorious cheats and swindlers; and the curate was arrested and thrown into jail for the debt he had contracted.

He remained there for some time in a very wretched situation, till one morning, as he was reading in his gloomy apartment, the attorney of the person at whose suit he had been arrested came in, and told him that he was at liberty—his debt having been paid by a gentleman in the outer room, who wished to speak with him.

When the astonished curate came out, he found an elderly gentleman, who, as soon as he began to express his gratitude, stopped him, saying—

'I do no more than what I esteem my duty. I set apart a portion of my wealth for the benefit of the poor, the sick, and the imprisoned. I have, on enquiry among the poor people of the parishes in which you officiated, heard a character of you which is almost unexampled in these times. I am only the instrument in the hand of Providence of relieving you from distress, incurred solely by your simplicity and generosity.'

'Providence, sir,' said Mr. Manning, 'has, I conceive, justly punished me for yielding, as I fear I did in my heart too much, to the temptation of obtaining preferment by undue means. The knave who imposed on me told me there was a vacant living in the gift of sir John Heathcote, who had lately become his friend, which he could procure for me if I would advance him an

additional ſum of money. I expreſſed my indignation at the propoſal, but I fear my heart yielded. I am deſervedly puniſhed; I have loſt the ſituation I had, while, perhaps, neither the living nor the ſuppoſed patron ever had exiſtence. The illuſion has vaniſhed, but the crime remains.'

'You remind me,' ſaid the gentleman, 'of what more I ought to do for you. I am ſir John Heathcote; the living which has been mentioned to you is vacant, and at my diſpoſal; this is, perhaps, the only truth the artful knave who impoſed on you has told you. That living is yours; you are certainly the perſon I have for ſome time ſought for to fill it. Take it, as the reward of your virtue and piety, and your benevolent, though miplaced, generoſity.

The good curate could find no objection to accepting the living on theſe terms. He afterwards married a diſtant relation of ſir John's, with whom he received a handſome fortune, which enabled him not only to live in a ſtyle of reſpectable affluence, but to perform numerous acts of charity and generoſiy; virtues congenial to his nature, and which rendered him beloved and reſpected by all around him.

ON FLATTERY.

THERE is nothing againſt which we ought to be ſo much on our guard as flattery. Of this every perſon will ſoon be convinced who has occaſion to try the friendſhip of mankind; yet he who is fond of his own praiſe, whatever may be his penetration and warineſs, will not be always proof againſt its artful inſinuations. It blinds even the moſt clear ſighted, and inſenſibly draws them into ſnares which it requires more than common exertion to extricate themſelves from, and often ends in their ruin. Very little proof is required to convince us of the truth of theſe obſervations.

If a man is admired for a fine voice, we ſhall always find him emulous to entertain, not ſo much to oblige the company as to hear himſelf applauded. Thus are thoſe people whom he miſtakes for his friends always ſure of him; and, from this vain opinion of himſelf, he is led promiſcuouſly into all ſorts of acquaintance, very often to his great prejudice. When a man is indifferent as to his company, there is ſcarcely any vice in which he will not readily partake, in imitation of his companions. Thus led from vice to vice, by the wretched and ſenſeleſs commendations of the vicious, his days and nights are conſumed, while that which ſhould conſtitute happineſs for future years to himſelf and family is totally neglected. Let this man come to want, and try the friendſhip of thoſe with whom he has ſpent ſo many joyous hours, and ſee if one of them will aſſiſt him.

But the fair ſex are more particularly liable to become the victims of flattery. Has Nature beſtowed on any young lady a finer face than many others can boaſt, in how many various modes is ſhe aſſailed? Even education aſſiſts and prepares the way for this flattery and its baneful effects. But how much are the parents and friends of ſuch a female to blame, who, inſtead of endeavouring to make the mind as beautiful as the face, by early improving it in knowledge and the virtues requiſite to form the deſirable perſon, rather chuſe to initiate their daughter or pupil in all the vanities which but too frequently lead to all the vices of the times.

In confirmation of theſe reflections, I ſhall here add the ſhort hiſtory of a young lady with whom I

was formerly acquainted, and whom I ſhall call Lætitia.

All who knew Lætitia muſt acknowledge that Nature had been profuſe in her bounties, to make her a moſt lovely perſon. Nothing could be more beautiful or elegantly genteel than was her form, nor were any of her perfections loſt on the delighted parents of the young lady. Their firſt care was to dreſs her even extravagantly; the glaſs and praiſes of her family ſoon convinced her that their encomiums were not falſely beſtowed. Thus from childhood to riper years was ſhe taught to be delighted with her own form, and to believe the flatteries of her friends. As years advanced ſhe became the envy of her ſiſters and idol of herſelf; her diſpoſition, which was naturally docile, wanted only a little improvement, with leſs knowledge of her own charms. Her good ſenſe, had it been cultivated by proper example and precepts, would have made her the greateſt ornament of her ſex.

By the perſuaſion of her friends, ſhe was, at ten years old, ſent to a boarding-ſchool of the firſt eminence for giving the finiſhing touch to the polite accompliſhments of the pupils. Here all ſhe attained was the ill-will and diſeſteem of her ſchool-fellows, with juſt a ſufficient ſtock of learning to read and write her own name. Her dancing-maſter, however, derived much honour from the proficiency ſhe made under his inſtructions. Her education being now complete, ſhe appeared in the world, at ſixteen, a moſt finiſhed coquet. Beauty never appears with greater luſtre than in the ſmiles of an innocent young creature of that age; it is not, therefore, to be wondered at if every tongue was laviſh in her praiſe, nor was her underſtanding proof againſt the enticing inſinuations of flattery. No aſſembly, ball, or rout, at which ſhe could appear, was neglected by her; and ſhe was a conſtant attendant at all public diverſions. Many women, of ſuperior ſenſe but inferior perſonal attractions, has ſhe made unhappy by her coquetiſh and flighty behaviour to their huſbands and lovers.

In the midſt of this variety of admiration and variegated ſcenes of pleaſure, ſhe was ſurpriſed by the unexpected marriage of her ſiſter (who is now lady L****) to a perſon of rank, honour, and fortune. She frankly owned ſhe had never been ſeriouſly aſked the queſtion, and was amazed that a perſon who had not half her charms, had ſeen nothing of the gay and polite world, but had lived immured in a retired village, ſhould on a ſudden be ſo preferred, and ſhine out, as it were, with ſuch ſplendor. This brought her a little to reflection.

'Surely,' ſaid ſhe to herſelf, 'I have loſt no opportunity to put myſelf forward; no entertainment have I neglected, or miſſed any company where I thought I might engage admiration; yet am I ſeemingly diſregarded, and my ſiſter preferred.'

An honeſt and ſincere friend, to whom ſhe complained, was kind enough to tell her it was by thoſe very means ſhe had loſt the opportunity of marrying to advantage; 'For,' ſaid ſhe, 'I never knew a perſon, though ever ſo lovely, who, from making herſelf ſo cheap, did not rather loſe eſteem than acquire any ſolid friendſhip. Neither can a woman who is delighted at the anxieties ſhe occaſions by trifling with married men, or, what is much the ſame, coqueting with young fellows who ſhe is certain are to be joined in wedlock, perhaps on the morrow, to a woman full as deſerving as herſelf, ever expect to meet with a man fooliſh enough to engage with ſuch an uncertain partner.

This reaſoning had nearly wrought a reformation; but, unfortunately for her, a coach had juſt arrived to convey her to Vauxhall, where ſhe was taken great notice of by a genteel youth, whoſe appearance ſatisfied her—he was a conqueſt not to be ſlighted. Full of theſe thoughts, ſhe waited the approach of morning with the utmoſt anxiety, perſuaded ſhe ſhould hear more from her new admirer: nor was ſhe diſappointed; a footman brought her a *billet-doux*, requeſting that the perſon who ſent it, and who had the rapturous pleaſure of ſeeing her on the preceding evening, might have the honour of paying her a viſit. To this, with the approbation of the lady at whoſe houſe ſhe was, ſhe conſented; and, at the uſual hour of tea, ſhe ſaw at her feet a very agreeable young fellow, ſuperbly dreſſed, whoſe account of himſelf was, that he was the ſon of a country gentleman of immenſe fortune in Lincolnſhire, and requeſted her permiſſion to wait on her father for his conſent to a union with her for life, if ſhe would permit him to aſpire to ſuch tranſcendent happineſs. A few viſits determined in his favour, and he ſet out on his journey.

Lætitia's parents readily believed his ſtory, and, as they had very little to give their daughter, thought it a match of great advantage, and therefore attended him to town, where the wedding was ſoon after celebrated. But, ah! this golden dream preſently vaniſhed; and ſhe who had thought herſelf a match for a nobleman now ſaw herſelf the wife of an induſtrious young innkeeper, juſt ſet up in the city of Norwich! He frankly owned he was charmed with her perſon, and had no other way of gaining her than the method he had taken; but, if ſhe could forgive it, it ſhould not be his fault if ſhe was not much happier than the wife of a nobleman, whoſe pretended friends are generally only ſo many ſycophants and flatterers.

Grief and aſtoniſhment had nearly made her act deſperately; but when ſhe recollected that ſhe had no other leſſon to learn but to deſpiſe flattery and ambition, ſhe wiſely thought it was beſt to appear ſatisfied, and immediately retired with her huſband to his reſidence, where, her good ſenſe prevailing over the folly in which ſhe had too much indulged, ſhe made a notable barwoman, and is now ſurrounded by a numerous family, whom ſhe is continually teaching the uſeful leſſon—to guard againſt flattery, and avoid vanity and diſſipation.

Lynn, July 3. J. L.

ANECDOTE *of* MACKLIN.

ONE night, when Macklin was preparing to begin one of the lectures which he gave on Shakſpeare's plays, hearing a buz in the room, he ſpied Foote in a corner talking and laughing moſt immoderately. This he thought a ſafe time to rebuke him, as he had not begun his lecture, and conſequently could not be ſubject to any criticiſm: he therefore cried out, with ſome authority—

'Well, ſir, you ſeem to be very merry there; but do you know what I am going to ſay now?'

'No, ſir,' ſays Foote, 'pray do you?'

The ready and unembarraſſed manner of this reply drew on ſuch a burſt of laughter as ſilenced the lecturer for ſome minutes, nor could he then get on till called upon by the general voice of the company to proceed.

A MORNING'S WALK *in* AUGUST.

'Now blooming Health exerts her gentle reign,
And strings the sinews of th' industrious swain:
Soon as the morning lark salutes the day,
Through dewy fields I take my frequent way;
Where I behold the farmer's early care,
In the revolving labours of the year.'
GAY.

REFRESHED by the 'golden dew of sleep,' I arose, and traversed the plenty-burdened plains. Harvest was just commencing. The reaper had put his sickle into the wheat, and the mower wielded his scythe to cut down the barley:

'For August, in her yellow mantle drest,
Health in her looks and plenty in her breast,
Appear'd.'

Each industrious hind was on the alert, eager to act his part in the approaching busy scene.

'The smile of morning gleam'd along the hills,
And wakeful Labour call'd her sons abroad;
They left, with cheerful face, their lowly vills,
And bade the fields resign their ripen'd load.

'Each different prospect yielded fresh delight,
Where on neat ridges wav'd the golden grain;
Or where the bearded barley, dazzling-white,
Spread o'er the steepy slope or wide champaign.'
SCOTT.

Waked by the fervid rays of Phœbus, the light-winged insect tribe were all in motion. The butterfly race were roving from flower to flower, and sporting in the exhilarating sun-beams. Beauteous butterfly! pursue thy playful career of busy insignificance.

'Full on the lucid morn thy wings unfold,
Starr'd with strong light, and gay in living gold;
Through fields of air at large exulting fly,
Waft on the beam, and mount th' expanded sky;
O'er flowery beauties plumes of triumph wave,
Imbibe their fragrance, and their charms outbrave;
The birds thy kindred, heaven thy mansion claim,
And shine and wanton in the noon-day flame.'
DWIGHT.

Enamelled rover! while summer reigns, may no rude storm sweep thee from existence! Long mayest thou continue to gad from rose to rose, sipping the dewy nectar, unmolested by unfeeling little urchins! Hasten from them—they long to seize thy gilded pinions, and to bereave thee of thy little life. Hasten from them, nor stop even for my Horatio.

Gaudy insect! emblem of the gay-drest coxcomb who flutters from pleasure to pleasure during youth—human life's gay summer,—wastes his golden hours in a round of frivolous enjoyments, and at length quits the stage without having contributed any thing that may be beneficial to society.

During this rural jaunt, I passed by a wheat-field, which a labourer had engaged to reap; but Death, that universal reaper, cut him down ere he could fulfil his engagement. He was a virtuous cottager, an humble cultivator of the ground, an useful member of the community. Far, infinitely far more serviceable to society than the savage conqueror; who, instead of ploughing the glebe, sowing the seed, or gathering in the harvest, delights in deforming the fruitful scenes of nature, and marks his progress with desolation and destruction.

'What are ye, monarchs!—laurell'd heroes! say,
But Ætnas of the suffering world ye sway?
Sweet Nature, stripp'd of her embroider'd robe,
Deplores the wasted regions of her globe:
And stands a witness, at Truth's awful bar,
To prove you there—destroyers as ye are!'
COWPER.

Happy obscurity! how placid thy votary! how sweet his enjoyments! how calm his days! how tranquil his nights!

'The lily, screen'd from every ruder gale,
Courts not the cultur'd spot where roses spring;
But blows neglected in the peaceful vale,
And scents the zephyr's balmy-breathing wing.'
OGILVIE.

With conſcious ſatisfaction I ranged through Ceres' brown domain, and viewed with delightful ſenſations ſuch a proſpect of future plenty. What a pleaſing contraſt to thoſe unhappy plains deſolated by the ſcourge of war! No military marauder ſtarted from the adjacent thicket to plunder me of my property, or rob me of mine exiſtence. No huſbandman, with tearful eyes, beheld his promiſed hopes blaſted—his fields of corn deſtroyed by a mercileſs horde of diſciplined barbarians. Rambling thus, filled with agreeable reflections on my own ſafety and ſecurity, well might my Muſe break forth in ſtrains like theſe—

——' Happy ſcene!
Ne'er may thy daiſy'd meads, thy corn-clad plains,
Drink the warm life-ſtream from a warrior's veins!
Ne'er may the trumpet's clang, the drum's rude beat,
Affright blithe Echo from her cool retreat.
Nor may the cannon's thunder ſhake thy groves,
And chaſe the Dryad from the haunt ſhe loves.'

Bathed in the dew of labour, each ruſtic actor on the ſtage of harveſt played with alacrity his uſeful part; while the patient gleaner, with unremitting induſtry, picked up each ſtraggling ear. Ye ſons and daughters of toil, ſoon will your fatiguing taſks be finiſhed!

' For, ere ſweet Summer bids its long adieu,
And winds blow keen where late the bloſſom grew,
The buſtling day and jovial night will come,
The long-accuſtomed feaſt of harveſt-home.
No blood-ſtain'd victory, in ſtory bright,
Can give the philoſophic mind delight!
No triumph pleaſe while rage and death deſtroy;
Reflection ſickens at the monſtrous joy.
And where 's the joy, if rightly underſtood,
Like cheerful praiſe for univerſal good?
The ſoul nor check nor doubtful anguiſh knows,
But free and pure the grateful current flows.
Behold the ſound oak tablet's maſſy frame
Beſtride the kitchen floor! the careful dame
And gen'rous hoſt invite their friends around;
While all that clear'd the crop, or till'd the ground,
Are gueſts by right of cuſtom. Old and young,
And many a neighb'ring yeoman, join the throng;
With artiſans that lent their dext'rous aid,
When o'er the field the flaming ſun-beams play'd.
With thanks to Heaven, and tales of ruſtic lore,
The manſion echoes when the banquet 's o'er.
A wider circle ſpreads, and ſmiles abound,
As quick the frothing horn performs its round;
Care's mortal foe, that ſprightly joys imparts,
To cheer the frame, and elevate their hearts.
Here, freſh and brown, the hazel's produce lies
In tempting heaps, and peals of laughter riſe;
And crackling muſic, with the frequent ſong,
Unheeded bear the midnight hour along.'

BLOOMFIELD.

Haverhill. JOHN WEBB.

On the AUSTERITY of old AGE.

THERE is nothing more unjuſt than the ill temper which many old people ſhew towards young men. An attempt to check the merriment and ſportiveneſs of youth is not leſs prepoſterous than to be angry with the ſpring of the year becauſe it produces nothing but bloſſoms, and to expect from that early ſeaſon the fruits of autumn. How different was the temper of Anaxagoras, the Greek philoſopher! That amiable old man, when at the point of death, was aſked by the citizens of Lampſacus what dying command he would wiſh to enjoin them. His requeſt was that every year, during the whole month in which he died, all the children in the city ſhould be permitted to keep holiday. Diogenes Laërtius, who relates this ſtory, adds, that this cuſtom was obſerved in his remembrance.

CRITICAL OBSERVATIONS *on the* NOVEL *of* 'TOM JONES.'

In a Series of Letters from an Uncle to his Niece.

(*Continued from p.* 360.)

LETTER XII.

DEAR NIECE,

THE introductory chapter to the fifteenth book exhibits a ſtring of judicious obſervations upon that moſt excellent diſpoſition of the mind diſtinguiſhed by the term ſympathy, or tenderneſs of heart, and which Mr. Fielding puts in contraſt to thoſe virtues which apply to the regulation of our moral conduct only; ſtill leaving upon the mind that ſelfiſhneſs which inclines a man to run through life, as a poliſhed bowl rolls over the ſmooth ſurface of a green, without being ſo far affected by the miſeries and unhappineſs of his fellow-creatures, as to be interrupted in his career of pleaſure through the conſideration of his neighbour's diſtreſs. Theſe cardinal virtues Mr. Fielding chooſes to denominate wiſdom; ſince they are the moſt likely to contribute to the repoſe of thoſe who regulate their conduct by theſe rules alone: whereas ſuch virtues which are of a ſocial and philanthropic tendency can only be exerciſed by thoſe whoſe hearts beat in uniſon with thoſe of the objects of their humanity. The inference which Mr. Fielding draws from this reaſoning, namely, that virtue is not its own reward, muſt find an eaſy aſſent from every reader.

The viſit of lord Fellamar to Sophia, on the ſcore of having afforded her protection the evening before during the riot at the playhouſe, and the diſcourſe which, at his interview with lady Bellaſton, afterwards paſſed between that lady and his lordſhip, form the ſubject of the ſecond chapter of this book. This nobleman will hereafter appear to have been a very neceſſary agent in the hands of lady Bellaſton towards the management of her deſign; and when her ladyſhip's views were fruſtrated, and lord Fellamar afterwards becomes convinced of the real ſtatement of the buſineſs, this nobleman, who was deſigned by lady Bellaſton to have effected the ruin of the young couple, becomes (among others) a happy inſtrument towards bringing them together. In the mean while the artifice of lady Bellaſton, to effectuate her malignant plot, and to ſacrifice the lovely Sophia to the vicious intrigue ſhe was carrying on with Jones, affords another ſpecimen of our author's addreſs in connecting the ſeveral parts of his drama. The diſcourſe which lady Bellaſton addreſſes to lord Fellamar is calculated throughout to blow up into a flame thoſe ſparks which Sophia's charms had kindled in his breaſt. The dialogue between theſe two noble perſonages (though as to the ſentiment not very exemplary) may ſerve as a ſpecimen of table-talk among perſons of diſtinction.

The deſcription of that ſociety mentioned in the third chapter, under the denomination of 'the little world,' and the virtuous tokens by which the members of this ſociety were diſtinguiſhed, namely, the obligations they were under of telling an innocent fib once within twenty-four hours: though ſuch deſcription would be rejected as beyond the bounds of credibility, if related of any perſons who had the ſmalleſt portion of buſineſs to occupy their attention, may, nevertheleſs, be reconciled to probability, when the members are known to have conſiſted only of thoſe who have neither buſineſs nor rational amuſement to fill up their vacant hours, and where the time muſt neceſſarily hang hea-

vily on their hands. The ſhort dialogue which paſſes between lady Bellaſton and Tom Edwards forms ſtriking portraits of two of the members of this ſociety, ſuch as at the firſt intimation of the club we were led to expect; nor could any thing be conceived more appropriate to the lady's views than the effect which the innocent fib circulated by Edwards occaſioned on the mind of Sophia, and which could not fail to convince lord Fellamar of her attachment to the young man who was ſuppoſed to have fallen in the duel. The plot which was afterwards concerted between lady Bellaſton and lord Fellamar, but which chiefly owed its riſe to the fertility of the lady's brain, affords a demonſtration to what lengths the paſſion of jealouſy may be carried, when it has once taken poſſeſſion of the female breaſt.

The fourth chapter diſplays a ſcene wherein lady Bellaſton appears to be the principal actreſs, and which, out of the reſpect we bear for the female race, but particularly ladies of rank and diſtinction, we ſhould hope does not often paſs in real life: be this as it may, thus far muſt be acknowledged in behalf of our author, that allowing the character of lady Bellaſton, as it has been hitherto ſketched, to have been a portrait of ſome of the women of figure, the language which ſhe addreſſes to lord Fellamar, and the arguments ſhe urges in order to enforce his compliance with the black deſign ſhe had formed, are perfectly in uniſon with the idea we have hitherto entertained of her ladyſhip.

The manner in which lord Fellamar attempts to carry into effect the ſage inſtructions given to him by the lady, is related in the fifth chapter. The language in which the enraptured peer introduces his ſuit, and the reception which Sophia gives him, are conveyed in terms appropriate to each; and when from the precaution of lady Bellaſton, in removing every obſtacle, the violence of lord Fellamar's brutal attack muſt have proved of dreadful conſequence to the young lady, no circumſtance could have been ſo fortunate as the arrival of the 'ſquire; whoſe appearance, though unexpected, is nevertheleſs contrived without the ſmalleſt violence having been offered to probability; and ſo natural does this event appear to the reader, that he acquieſces in the happy addreſs of the author, and rejoices at the eſcape of his favourite character at this critical period.

The introduction of 'ſquire Weſtern affords Mr. Fielding a freſh opportunity of diſplaying his wondrous talent for exciting the merriment of his readers. The addreſs and manner of Mr. Weſtern throughout this ſcene is truly characteriſtic. The language he makes uſe of on the occaſion is what we have all along been accuſtomed to hear, whenever this gentleman appears on the ſtage; and, though of itſelf ſufficient to excite laughter from the moſt puritanical countenance, is ſtill rendered more humorous when contraſted with the grave lecture of parſon Supple; and his ſervile ductility when, at the 'ſquire's threats, he exclaims—'I humbly crave your pardon; I aſſure your worſhip, I meant no ſuch matter.'

The continuation of this ſcene, where lady Bellaſton wilfully miſtakes the meaning of the 'ſquire, and encourages lord Fellamar to ſuppoſe that he was the perſon alluded to by Mr. Weſtern, when he was ſpeaking in favour of Blifil, paves the way to a truly comic *eclairciſſement* between his lordſhip and Mr. Weſtern; and, from the ſubſequent ſpeech of lady Bellaſton, Mr. Weſtern comes to a

determination to remove his daughter immediately from her ladyfhip's protection. Laughable in the extreme is the 'fquire's reproof to parfon Supple, and his reply to Sophia when fhe intercedes on behalf of Mrs. Honour.

The reader is not fuffered to remain long in fufpenfe as to the means by which the 'fquire became acquainted with the refidence of his daughter. This difcovery forms the fubject of the fixth chapter. And here permit me once again to exprefs the very high gratification I enjoy when I confider the wonderful texture of this novel, in which fcarcely an incident is brought forward which does not by fome means or another contribute to the advancement of the main defign.

In the twelfth book we are entertained with an account of the meeting between Sophia and Mrs. Fitzpatrick, and of their travelling together to London. This recognition of thefe two coufins, and the converfation which paffed between them at the inn, not only forms a very pleafing epifode, but contributes, as we fhall fee anon, very materially towards the *dénoüement* of the hiftory; fince if Mrs. Fitzpatrick had not, at the time of her cafual rencontre with Sophia, learned the particulars refpecting her flight and fubfequent retreat to lady Bellafton's, Mr. Weftern could not have come to the knowledge of his daughter's refidence, or the reader muft have been left in the dark as to the fource through which he gained his intelligence; and this improbability, though, as Mr. Fielding obferves, it be fuch as the reader is often obliged to digeft in the generality of novel-writers, would have been inconfiftent with the accuracy of our author. The letter which Mrs. Fitzpatrick writes to Mrs. Weftern is conceived in terms the moft likely to regain the favour of that lady. Flattery, when expreffed in delicate language, comes recommended with fuch charms that it never fails to captivate thofe to whom it is addreffed: even thofe perfons who affect to defpife this alluring bait will not fail to be won by it when judicioufly managed. But Mrs. Fitzpatrick, well knowing the vanity of her aunt Weftern, throws off all decorum in her addrefs to that lady. Her letter abounds throughout with the moft fulfome adulation. And, probably, this method would have had the defired effect, and have brought about a reconciliation between Mrs. Fitzpatrick and her uncle and aunt Weftern, had not the act of which the niece had been guilty towards her aunt conftituted an offence of fo heinous a nature as never to be obliterated from a female breaft. That the compliments with which Mrs. Fitzpatrick fed her aunt Weftern were a highly-flavoured difh to the extreme vanity and felf-conceit of that lady, is apparent from the obfervation expreffed upon the fentiment of her niece's letter in her addrefs to the 'fquire, in which fhe quotes the expreffion of her coufin with the odious Irifh name, to ftrengthen her declaration of the regard fhe entertained for the honour of her family. Every period of the converfation maintained between Mr. and Mrs. Weftern in this chapter is truly characteriftic, and laughable in the extreme.

The manner which the author has taken of conveying to the knowledge of Mr. Jones the unwelcome tidings concerning Sophia, in the feventh chapter, forms a moft humorous fcene, and is a frefh proof of Mr. Fielding's art of embellifhing plain narrative with the flowery language of wit and humour. The figurative fpeech of Mrs. Honour, by which fhe keeps Mr. Jones in the moft tormenting fufpenfe, is conveyed in the true fpirit of a chamber-maid; whilft the ideas which this equivo-

cal relation of Mrs. Honour's tale awaken in his breaſt, form a lively portrait of the deſpairing lover in the queſtions which Jones propoſes to her. The deſpair to which Mrs. Honour abandons herſelf on reflecting that her own hopes are totally fruſtrated by the removal of her miſtreſs from the protection of lady Bellaſton, exhibits in appropriate language the ſelfiſh temper of this loquacious Abigail. The unſeaſonable intruſion of lady Bellaſton, during this colloquy between Jones and Mrs. Honour, and the means which the former purſued in order to conceal the waiting-gentlewoman from her ladyſhip's notice, lead on to a ſcene replete with true humour, and, in the end, the diſcovery made by lady Bellaſton of the chambermaid's retreat, contributes to relieve Mrs. Honour from the dreadful ideas ſhe had conceived of the conſequences of her being deprived of her late ſervice, by recommending her to the employment of lady Bellaſton. Nor does the approach of Mr. Nightingale, which precipitated the retreat of lady Bellaſton, tend alone to bring about this elevation of Mrs. Honour, but leads on to farther incidents of material conſequence to the thread of the main ſtory, as will be ſeen in the ninth chapter. The embarraſſment into which lady Bellaſton is thrown, by an unexpected meeting with Mrs. Honour behind the bed, may ſerve to inculcate this moral leſſon; that vice, however cautiouſly it may be purſued, rarely fails to lead its votaries into the moſt awkward dilemmas, and to expoſe them to the ſcorn and deriſion of mankind.

The eighth chapter recounts the marriage of miſs Nancy with young Nightingale, an event brought about through the zeal and good offices of Mr. Jones; and here Mr. Fielding takes occaſion to treat his readers with a few ſenſible remarks on that moſt excellent quality of the human mind, philanthropy. By the practice of this godlike virtue, the perſon who confers a benefit feels a great joy not leſs ecſtatic than the perſon on whom the benefit is beſtowed; and may ſay, with Jones and the man in the play of Terrence, 'I am a man, and cannot think myſelf unintereſted in any misfortunes which may befal my fellow-creatures.'

The letters which Jones receives from lady Bellaſton, as recorded in the ninth chapter, may be conſidered as a tranſcript of the tumults which agitated the impure mind of this inamorata; and both in the language in which they are penned, and from the haſte in which they were diſpatched at the heels of each other, are a convincing argument of her violent and guilty paſſion towards Jones; and the confuſion ſhe had been thrown into at the hurricane which had paſſed the evening before, and which had palſied every nerve, ſo that ſhe was reduced to the moſt mortifying dilemma in what manner to act. From what follows, in this chapter, will be ſeen the good effects which aroſe from the fortunate entrance of Nightingale, at the moment when Jones was giving audience to lady Bellaſton. The information ſupplied by Nightingale, reſpecting the notoriety of that lady's character, furniſhes Jones with the means of extricating himſelf from the diſagreeable amour he had plunged himſelf into with lady Bellaſton, from whoſe trammels he would otherwiſe have found it difficult to eſcape.

The embarraſſments which Mrs. Miller is thrown into, on the receipt of Mr. Allworthy's letter, as related in the tenth chapter, places the excellent diſpoſition of that amiable woman in a conſpicuous

point of view. The comment which Mr. Fielding fubjoins on the noble motives which caufed this agitation in Mrs. Miller, will, if properly attended to, operate as an inftructive leffon to the youthful readers of this novel, and incline them to adorn every action of their lives with that graceful manner and decorum, that fomething which, as the excellent poet, quoted by Mr. Fielding on this occafion, obferves,

'—— gives their acts a light,
Makes them not only juft, but bright.'

This moft excellent precept, which inclines us to catechife our own hearts by the chriftian rule of doing as we would be done by, and of regulating all our actions by that rule, may be expreffed by the word candour—a term of very extenfive import. Thofe whofe minds have been polifhed by a liberal education, will be able to trace out, from their own feelings, the various good inclinations excited by this quality, without any affiftance from me; and as to thofe untutored mortals, whether among the great vulgar or the fmall, whofe difpofitions incline them to walk juft within the fettled rules of ftoical apathy, in defpight of all that I could urge in favour of candour, I fhould defpair of making one convert. This excellent quality is, in truth, rarely found to warm the hearts of any, except of thofe who have enjoyed the benefit of a liberal education, and is not univerfally the property of thefe. Mrs. Miller, it is plain, was under the influence of this virtue when fhe was troubled in mind at the receipt of Mr. Allworthy's letter.

The fidelity of Jones is ftrongly tempted, in the eleventh chapter, by a letter from the widow Hunt, which is delivered to him fhortly after the receipt of Mrs. Honour's note, in which fhe declared that her interference could no longer be of any avail; and the flender hopes which, in confequence, exifted of obtaining Sophia, might almoft have juftified his acceptance of the amorous widow's tender. How far this gentle hint may be confidered by female readers as a fmall deviation in the lady from the rigid precepts of decorum, is not for me to determine: be this as it will, it may be referred to that ingenious cookery which the author has contrived to ferve up in fo many different modes to his numerous guefts, and furnifhes him with a fair opportunity of fetting off the fidelity of Jones towards his accomplifhed miftrefs.

The laft chapter of this book, in which Partridge informs his mafter of the difcovery he had made, from a cafual rencontre with Black George, turns out afterwards to have been a lucky incident, by fupplying an agent, through whofe good offices he is furnifhed with the means of correfponding with Sophia: humorous in the extreme is the manner in which Mr. Partridge communicates his intelligence.

I am, &c.

(To be continued.)

MATILDA; *a* DRAMA.

(Continued from p. 348.)

ACT III.—SCENE I.

Charles, entering cautioufly, and looking round the faloon.

THERE is no perfon here, we have nothing to fear.—(*He returns to the door, and fpeaks to three domeftics who are waiting without*).—You may go and get every thing ready.—Pafs that way, between the wall and the hedge of elms. I will go on the other fide. We muft not be feen

to be together. I hear a noiſe: ſome one is coming. Be gone inſtantly: keep cloſe to the wall; it is impoſſible that you ſhould be ſeen.

SCENE II.

Amelia, Herman, entering by the door which leads to the apartment of Matilda.

Amelia. I did not dare to aſk you before Matilda; when her father is the ſubject, I am always fearful that ſhe may hear ſomething that muſt mortify and wound her.

Herman. Mr. Wodmar has left the houſe in the moſt violent agitation; nor does the count appear much leſs diſturbed. But why do you not aſk him yourſelf? The eſteem which he muſt have for you——

Amelia. Recollect that I was the intimate, the confidential friend of his wife, whom doubtleſs he ſuſpected, whom he condemned unheard; though never, perhaps, did a woman of purer virtue breathe the vital air. He believed me her accomplice; and he can no longer eſteem me: he certainly hates me. This you muſt have been convinced of by the cold reception which he gave me this morning. He treats me, indeed, with civility, from reſpect to his own character, and I remain here from regard to Matilda. How could I abandon the unfortunate offspring of my friend! I have ſacrificed delicacy, pride, and juſt reſentment, to the child whoſe birth I witneſſed, whom I love as if ſhe were my own, and who has no other friend to ſoothe her grief, and conſole her in her ſufferings, but myſelf. I muſt not permit a regard to my own eaſe to make me neglect the duties impoſed on me by friendſhip.

Herman. How much do you increaſe the reſpect I have ever entertained for you! but what muſt it not have coſt you to act thus nobly?

Amelia. It has indeed coſt me many a painful feeling. Ah! Mr. Herman, I ſcarcely know which is moſt intolerable; to deſerve reproach by guilt, or continually to ſuffer it when innocent.

Herman. Some one is coming.—It is the count.

Amelia. I will ſpare him the ſight of me.

Herman. He walks but ſlowly, you have time enough to retire.

Amelia. How much did I once reſpect, admire, and love him; and now it is painful to me to appear in his preſence! (*She goes towards the door which leads to the apartment of Matilda.*) And this door, which leads to the apartment of his daughter, is it not dreadful to think that it muſt be ſhut as carefully as if here were ſome cruel and implacable enemy from whom his life is in danger?

Herman. He is at the door.

Amelia. Let me be gone. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Herman alone.

I thought he was preparing to ſet out for the neighbouring manſion, whither he ſaid he muſt go on buſineſs of particular importance.

SCENE IV.

Count d'Orlheim, Herman.

Count d'Orlheim (*holding ſome papers in his hand, and greatly agitated*). I cannot find in my cabinet ſome papers which I want; perhaps they may be in this 'ſcrutoire.

[*He opens the 'ſcrutoire.*

Herman. Can I aſſiſt you, my lord?

Count d'Orlheim. I thank you, Mr. Herman; but I ſhould be more obliged to you to inform my nephew Erneſt that I wiſh to ſpeak with him here.

Herman. I will tell him immediately. [*Exit Herman.*

SCENE V.

Count d'Orlheim, alone, sitting down at the 'scrutoire.

Let me breathe a moment. This Wodmar, this son of my most cruel enemy, who appears before me with such audacity—who has dared to ask—Dost thou wish, then, wretched youth! to be guilty of something yet more monstrous than the crime of thy father?—(*He rises, and walks backwards and forwards greatly agitated.*)—What! will these ideas pursue me every where? I came to seek here that peace of mind which I cannot find at Berlin. Alas! here it was that I was happy; here I loved, and believed myself beloved! At Berlin, I was deceived, betrayed, dishonoured!—(*He pauses a moment, in a kind of reverie.*)—D'Orlheim, recal thy reason, and banish from thy mind ideas which must render thee wretched.—(*He advances to the 'scrutoire, and looks into several of the drawers.*)—I cannot find it! yet this deed is indispensable. If it is not here, I know not where it can be.—(*He opens another drawer, which he had not examined, and takes out a port-folio*).—Perhaps it is in this.—(*Opens it, and starts wildly.*)—Heavens! the letter of the villain! the portrait of the most perfidious of women! Such were her features! such was she whom I adored! whom I idolised!—who betrayed me!—Such she was!—(*Throws down the portrait, and opens the letter.*)—And thou who calledst thyself my friend, monster of perfidy! this is thy fatal letter! Disgraceful flight and death; death, which thou shouldest only have received from my hand, withdrew thee from my just vengeance! (*He throws the letter on the table, and walks backwards and forwards in the most violent agitation.*)—A hundred times have I read this dreadful letter, yet never does it meet my eyes but an irresistible impulse compels me to read it again. I seem to doubt my own wretchedness, and wish to convince myself that it is real. (*He takes up the letter, and reads it with a faltering voice.*)

'I yield to your fears, my dear Caroline; I obey your injunction, since you doubt whether count d'Orlheim has not suspected our secret, and fear the piercing eye of his jealousy should at his return, which is now near, make a full discovery of it. I banish myself from you and from my country, to plunge myself in despair, and die for ever adoring you. You request me to return you your portrait: I have sent it you. It was dear to my heart; it was the same which count d'Orlheim had possessed, and which you obtained from him to give to me; but at your desire I restore it.—You loved me before you gave your hand to d'Orlheim; you loved me after he was your husband. You now break the tender connection that has subsisted so long between us, and I obey, though I die. Adieu! May you be happy! and sometimes when you look on our Matilda, the fruit of our tender love, think of your unhappy lover, the unfortunate WODMAR.'

'Our Matilda, the fruit of our tender love!'—that Matilda on whom during six years of error I lavished the tenderest names, the most affectionate caresses! How fondly have I embraced her! How have I pressed her to my heart! How transcendently happy have I thought myself in being her father! Even now, notwithstanding all my efforts, an irresistible power continually attracts me towards her. Yet she is not mine. She is the fruit of guilt. Her birth is the seal of my shame. Gracious Heavens! what am I doing? Some person may come every moment. I have sent for Ernest. Alas! let me conceal my weakness,

ſince ten long years have not enabled me to triumph over it. Erneſt comes.

SCENE VI.

Count d'Orlheim, Erneſt.

Erneſt. Dear uncle, I come according to your requeſt. I wait your commands.

Count d'Orlheim. Come nearer to me, Erneſt. Why have you in my preſence that embarraſſed air, that timidity, as if diſtruſtful of your beſt friend? Give me your hand.—You continue to love me, Erneſt?

Erneſt (*with great emotion*). Oh, my dear uncle! my benefactor! how can you doubt my affection, or my gratitude?

Count d'Orlheim. I cannot doubt them, dear nephew. Sit down.—[*Erneſt takes a chair, and ſeats himſelf with an air of great embarraſſment; the Count proceeds in a heſitating manner.*]—You recollect, my ſon—you know how pleaſing it is to me to call you by that name—you recollect the converſation we had together about ſix months ago?

Erneſt (*heſitatingly*). Yes, dear uncle.

Count d'Orlheim. You recollect what was the ſubject of it?

Erneſt. It related to a propoſal of marriage.

Count d'Orlheim. Yes; I propoſed to you an advantageous plan of marriage, which you declined in ſuch a manner as led me to ſuſpect that your heart was not entirely free: yet I thought I could diſcover in your language and manner a great deſire to comply with my wiſhes; and I have ever ſince indulged a hope that you would at length be able to conquer a tranſitory inclination, a folly of youth. You were attacked by illneſs. I know not whether I am to attribute the cauſe of it to the efforts you made to ſurmount the paſſion which began to ariſe in your breaſt; but your ſituation made a great impreſſion on me. For ſix months I obſerved the moſt complete ſilence; I allowed you time to liſten to reaſon. But I have not forgotten the alliance I propoſed; and I now, Erneſt, expect from you a deciſive anſwer.

Erneſt (*with a ſigh*). What do you require of me?

Count d'Orlheim. To accept the happineſs which I offer you: an amiable wife, and the honour of a diſtinguiſhed alliance. I require that you ſhould not forget that I have made you the heir of my name, my title, my poſſeſſions; I require that you ſhould not diſappoint my hopes, nor puniſh me for the partial fondneſs I have entertained for you.

Erneſt (*riſing*). Alas! How unfortunate am I!

Count d'Orlheim. I do not underſtand you. What! for a ſlight predilection?

Erneſt. Slight! I once thought it was——

Count d'Orlheim. You were certain, you ſaid, that you ſhould be able to conquer it.

Erneſt. I hoped ſo—but I was deceived——

Count d'Orlheim. Thus you ſacrifice me to a ſenſeleſs paſſion; you ſacrifice yourſelf to the too fatal conſequences of a choice which is no doubt ſhameful, ſince you dare not avow its object.

Erneſt. Oh, if I dared to ſpeak!

Count d'Orlheim. What prevents you?

Erneſt. I cannot.

Count d'Orlheim (*with ſuppreſſed anger*). You could, nephew! did you not know that you muſt bluſh—

Erneſt (*with vivacity and dignity*). Erneſt, thanks to your inſtructions and example, will never need to bluſh for the ſentiments of his heart.

Count d'Orlheim. Yet Erneſt diſappoints the fondeſt of my wiſhes; Erneſt has no regard to my happineſs; Erneſt can talk of virtue, ſentiment, and delicacy, while his conduct is all ingratitude!

Ernest. Gracious Heaven! what a severe, what an unmerited, reproach!

Count d'Orlheim. Such are men!

Ernest. Dear uncle!

Count d'Orlheim. All those on whom I have lavished my affection have made it their study to plunge me in despair.

Ernest. And can you say this to me? Dear uncle, listen to me, I conjure you. Do not judge me with precipitation, with rigour, I may say with injustice. We cannot command the heart, but we may resolve to rend it: it is not in our power to triumph over the most imperious of passions, but we may condemn ourselves to live eternally wretched; and this I can do. No, I will not be ungrateful, I will not disappoint your hopes; you shall not accuse me of having destroyed your happiness. Fix the day of my marriage: I am ready to obey you. I can renounce happiness, but never your affection.

Count d'Orlheim (clasping him in his arms, then sinking back in his chair, and endeavouring to conceal his tears.) And tell me, cruel youth, can I be happy, when I make you unhappy?

Ernest. It is not of me that you are now to think; I will undergo my fate, and you shall never hear from me a murmur. But listen to me. Pardon me for what I am about to say. Open to me your heart. It is to that I would speak—to that heart so generous and good, which only exists by benevolence, to whose affection misfortune is an undeniable claim, and which suppliant sorrow and persecuted virtue never implore in vain.

Count d'Orlheim (with agitation). Speak—Speak!

Ernest (hesitatingly). My dear uncle!

Count d'Orlheim (anxiously). Proceed.

Ernest. I have been the object of your generous affection; you have done every thing for me — every thing.—But—you have—a daughter.

Count d'Orlheim (rising, with violent emotion, which he endeavours to suppress). Rash unfortunate youth! what have you said?—Begone!

Ernest (with great warmth). My father, hear me.

Count d'Orlheim. Leave me this instant.

Ernest (throwing himself at his feet). You shall hear me, my father; your happiness depends on your hearing me.

Count d'Orlheim (raising Ernest, and as if struggling with his emotions). I will hear you.

Ernest. My benefactor, my father! do you not remember her to whom I owe more than life. (*Count d'Orlheim starts, and appears greatly agitated.*) She was the mother of Matilda. My mother, your sister, had formed a connexion which you judged unworthy of your family and of herself. Her fortune was entirely lost: her husband abandoned her and died, and she soon followed him to the grave. I remained an orphan, without support, without resource, a reed exposed to the storm. You took pity on my helpless infancy, and snatched me from poverty and wretchedness: but you refused to see me, and I was brought up at a distance from you. The mother of Matilda brought me to your arms; you could not resist her tears, and I became your son and hers. Never was I separated in her heart from the dear child of which she was herself the mother. And shall I deprive this child of the possessions which appertain to her? Shall I thus insult the memory of my dear protectress, by usurping the rights which nature claims for her offspring? Shall I take from her daughter the affections of her father? Shall I shut his heart against her? Shall I be happy, rich, respected, while she is abandoned,

proſcribed, and wretched? Alas! then ſhould I, indeed, be a monſter of ingratitude and of guilt, to be abhorred by myſelf, and execrated by all good men. Reaſons of which I am ignorant, and which I ſhall not attempt to penetrate, ſome unknown griefs, may be for you a ſufficient excuſe; but where ſhall I find mine? Who ſhall juſtify me? You alone—you alone, my dear benefactor, can give me this. Reſtore to Matilda your kindneſs, your affection, and the place which ſhe ought to occupy. Let her be happy, and I am ready to obey you. I will accede to every plan; I will comply with every wiſh you can form. I ſhall be leſs rich, but I ſhall live at peace with myſelf. I ſhall dare to lift up my eyes: no one will have a right to hate me. You will be juſt, and will, I know, always eſteem me.

Count d'Orlheim. That is to ſay, you diſapprove of my conduct. I ought to have foreſeen it. Yes, I am a cruel—an unnatural father. Yet it was not for you, Erneſt, to reproach me with this.—(*He riſes, takes Erneſt by the hand, and proceeds in an impreſſive but agitated manner.*) Have you read in my inmoſt ſoul? Do you know what paſſes there? Do you know the ſecret of my conſcience? Have you a right to judge me? Yet you have loved me!—No, Erneſt, never, never! You have awakened griefs which many long years had ſcarcely aſſuaged; you have given new ſtrength to the poiſon which has ſo long devoured my heart; you have torn open all my wounds. Begone from me. Let me ſee you no more. I renounce you: I renounce the happineſs of loving and being beloved. I will live and die ſolitary, deſerted, forgotten, wretched. (*He ſinks into an arm-chair.*) And it is you—you, who have condemned me to this wretchedneſs.

Erneſt (*on his knees; the count turns from him in a repulſive poſture*). Oh, my only ſupport! my protector! my father!

Count d'Orlheim. Begone, I ſay! leave me! leave me!

Scene VII.

Herman, Count d'Orlheim, Erneſt.

Herman. Heavens! What do I ſee?

Count d'Orlheim. An ungrateful —ungrateful—— But I ought to be accuſtomed——

Herman. What has he done?

Count d'Orlheim. In contempt of my ſtricteſt injunction, without reſpect to ſecrets of which he muſt ever be ignorant; without regard to my painful ſituation, he has dared to ſpeak to me of ——

Herman. Of whom?

Count d'Orlheim. Of Matilda—of her mother.

Herman (*haſtening to raiſe Erneſt, who ſtill remains on his knees, in the moſt violent agitation*). How! what! (*in a tone of voice expreſſive of ſurpriſe and joy*) In their favour!

Count d'Orlheim. Ungratefully he accuſes me: he cenſures my conduct; he rejects both my affection and my benefactions; he wiſhes me to reſtore to Matilda ——

Herman (*preſſing Erneſt to his breaſt with the livelieſt expreſſion of joy*). To Matilda!

Count d'Orlheim. Let him be gone; let him fly me; I renounce him; I will never ſee him more.

Herman. He is a young man; his youth merits ſome indulgence. (*Count d'Orlheim remains ſilent and gloomily thoughtful*).—Your anger is juſt; but, at the ſame time, his fault, it muſt be acknowledged, is that of a good heart.

Count d'Orlheim (*takes the hand of Herman, and preſſes it to his breaſt; then turns to Erneſt, with emotion, but without anger*). I give you till to-morrow

to determine on naming to me the object which has inspired you with so violent a passion. Recollect, especially, that I cannot accept the sacrifice of your happiness; that I appeal only to your reason, to your heart — (*endeavours to suppress his tears*)—to the desire it may feel for my affection, of which it certainly appears to be truly worthy. (*With great mildness*) Go. (*Ernest takes the hand of his uncle and kisses it, while the tears start into his eyes. As he passes Herman, the latter clasps his hand and embraces him, unseen by Count d'Orlheim, who appears absorbed in thought. Exit Ernest.*)

Scene VIII.

Count d'Orlheim, Herman.

Count d'Orlheim (*greatly agitated, and unable to suppress his tears*). I must go. You know I shall not dine here. In the evening, my dear Herman, we shall see each other again. (*He appears thoughtful and absent, and throws carelessly on the table the papers he had taken out of the 'scrutoire*). My friend, you know not my heart. Cruel sensibility, what pangs dost thou inflict upon me!

Herman. Do not go yet; your emotions are too violent.

Count d'Orlheim. I have particular business. It is true, my head seems confused, I scarcely know what I do; but I must go. (*Goes a few steps, then returns and throws himself into the arms of Herman*). Oh, my dear Herman, could you conceive what I suffer! Did you know what, in fact, it is now time to inform you of. (*Pauses for some moments, then, aside*) Heavens! what was I about to say! (*Aloud, clasping the hand of Herman*) In the evening, my friend, in the evening. [*Exit, leaving on the table the papers he had thrown on it.*

Scene IX.

Herman, alone.

I must now blush for the too hasty opinion which I formed of Ernest. How unjust, slanderous, and wicked, may we be with the most pure intentions! But I will make him every compensation in my power. (*Approaches the table, and sees the papers left there by the Count*). What! he has forgotten his papers! But perhaps he did not want them. They were there before him; and, had he wanted them, he would, no doubt, have taken them. He will not return till the evening; I may, therefore, till then, set my poor prisoners at liberty. I have now, for the first time, some consolation to administer to their hearts. They shall, at least, know that Ernest is entitled to their esteem.

(*To be continued.*)

A SAD REFLECTION.

The keen wind of the mountain shakes the tattered garment of the care-worn traveller as he bends before the storm; but the pelting of the tempest impedes not his course. Hope animates his mind; his home is present to his view; domestic affection cheers his heart, and the expected smile of welcome gives vigour to his limbs. In fancy he beholds the cheerful blaze on his cottage hearth, and his steps quicken, but the whirlwind arises, and the forest-oak trembles to its root. The blue lightning darts across the blackened horizon, and the shrieks of dismay are heard from afar. He reaches the threshold of his clay-built cot; all within is silent as the grave—for there the partner of his cares lies a stiffened corpse. The gloom of despair shivers at his heart: he sinks on the earth and rises no more.

Thus the mind meets adversity, buffets its keen strokes, and becomes vigorous by exertion; till one piercing shaft drives hope from the breast, and the heart sinks oppressed at the

faddened profpect: but forrow will have an end, and the grave is the refuge of defpair. E. W.

The MONKS *and the* ROBBERS;
A TALE.

(Continued from page 297.)

A CONFUSED account of what had happened at Riveldi, and the diforder it had occafioned its lord, quickly fpread through the neighbouring village, whence it was not long in travelling to Apoftolico, who, from what he gathered by making inquiries into the bufinefs, began to apprehend that the welfare of himfelf and brethren was fomewhat endangered by it: for Tancred, in the firft moments of terror, had fent for, and had been vifited by, the fuperior of an adjacent monaftery—an event which they had every reafon to dread, fince they knew that the *padre abbate* was no friend to their community, but willing to catch at any thing to injure them; and they doubted not but this occafion would furnifh them with an opportunity which they were perfectly fatisfied he meant not to let efcape him. As they feared, therefore, that the prieft had drawn from the confcience-ftricken and affrighted Tancred every particular of his guilty proceedings, they could not flatter themfelves with a hope that the confpicuous part they had taken, both in the plan and execution of them, would be concealed; and they anticipated, with no fmall degree of alarm, the evil confequences which this circumftance would probably bring upon them.

A few hours fhowed that their alarm was not without foundation; for, juft at dark, while the whole community were affembled together, deliberating on what courfe they fhould purfue in this dilemma, they were ftartled by a violent ringing of the bell at the gate. The monks, fufpicious from their fears, immediately bade Serifino learn who it was, but on no account to open the gate. He flew to obey them, and, in a minute, returned, in the utmoft confternation, with intelligence that it was a ftrong party of the emiffaries of the holy office. The monks ftarted at the dreaded name; and fome of them, with marvellous fluency, began to pour forth a volley of imprecations and abufe upon the inquifition.

'Peace! peace!' exclaimed the prior; 'the few moments we have to refolve let us not wafte in idle words, but employ them rather to a better purpofe—to endeavour to efcape, which, clofely as we are preffed, truft me, fathers, I know to be yet in our power.'

'But how?—how?' cried Fidele, 'is not the enemy at our gate?'

'Go to! what of that?' replied the prior. 'Have we not a door in the garden that looks towards the thickeft of the foreft; and is it not eafy, while thefe knaves are employed at the front gate, for us to efcape by the other way, unfeen and unknown?'

'Ha! I conceive ye now,' anfwered Fidele. 'Let's away, then, while we may. I take it for granted, none of ye have any paffionate defire to vifit the cells of the inquifition.'

'You may fwear that, father,' faid another of the community: 'fuch chickens of the church as we are do not admire cooping.'

'Aye,' cried another, 'nor roafting either.'

'We have certainly lefs to fear than the laity,' faid Apoftolico, 'yet it will never do for us to fall into the clutches of thefe fanctified knaves; efpecially when we know we have enemies among them.'

'Therefore,' chimed in Fidele, 'fcamper is the word, my lads.'

'Let us throw off the cowl,' resumed the prior, 'and assume the sword. We have horses plenty in our stables, and money in our coffers. Let us collect the most valuable articles we possess, mount our fleetest steeds, and seek shelter among our freebooting confederates of the forest here. Friends,' continued he, 'you have but little time to choose. Is there any among ye more willing to risk himself in the hands of the inquisition, than to follow me in once more seeking his fortune in the world?'

'None! none!' exclaimed the brethren all at once, 'we'll all follow.'

'Aye, marry, will we,' cried Fidele, 'one and all we'll follow. Aye, follow as we were wont, and whether as brothers of the blade or the church, by sea or by land, in the field or the convent, 'tis all the same; plunder's our word—you're still our captain.'

A loud noise at the gate now reached their ears. The officers of the holy office, impatient at not gaining admittance, and finding that their ringing and knocking were of no avail, now proceeded to burst the gates open; but they were well secured, and for some time baffled all their efforts.

'They force the gate,' exclaimed the prior.—'Haste, comrades, haste! they'll be upon us anon.'

He said, and part of them hastened to pack up the choicest of their treasures; whilst the rest equipped the horses and led them forth into the garden. Not a moment was lost. In a few minutes every thing was prepared for the march. In momentary expectation of hearing the gates give way, they were compelled, though with infinite reluctance, to abandon several valuable articles which would have taken too much time in securing; as it was, they had but a narrow escape; for, before they could fix the baggage on the horses and mount, the officers had forced an entrance, and the noise they made occasioned no small disturbance among the fugitives.

'The knaves are in,' cried Fidele, 'fly, masters, fly for your lives, and the devil take the hindmost.'

The monks seized the baggage, threw themselves on their horses, and, fastening the garden gate after them, to retard, at least, if not prevent, pursuit, made rapidly into the midst of the forest. Still they galloped forward, nor slackened once their pace, though they were not pursued, till safely sheltered in the cavern of the robbers, whom they found all jovially assembled round a table well covered with dishes of various kinds of food. The banditti were much surprised at beholding the fathers enter their cave, and still more so when they learnt the mischance which had driven them thither. They welcomed their reverend confederates to the garrison, and pressed them to partake of their fare. They had no occasion to repeat the offer. The monks instantly seated themselves at the table, and with marvellous dispatch began to make havock among the provisions. While they were feeding, the robbers enquired in what manner they meant to dispose of themselves; and, on the fathers declaring, that they were marvellous tired with the restraints of a monkish life; that they lamented not the misfortune that had forced them from it; that purse-taking, in their opinion, was a vocation infinitely better than praying, which was unworthy men of spirit—Fidele said, unworthy men who had once, as most of his brethren had done, flourished a sword, and cried 'Stand,' who had exercised throat-slitting, stabbing in the dark, and other summary means of dispatching troublesome knaves

out of the way, as an honourable calling.

Sanguigno hailed them brothers, and invited them to join his troop. The monks embracing the propofal, a difficulty arofe, touching the choice of a captain: the banditti were unanimous in favour of Sanguigno, who, fince their captain's death, had fupplied his place; while their new affociates were the fame in favour of the prior; and, as they exceeded in numbers, the former were obliged to acknowledge his authority. Fidele, then, grafping a goblet overflowing with wine, faluted his chief by the appellation of '*excellentiffimo capitano*,' and drank it off to his long life and profperity. The reft of the gang followed his example, and made the cavern ring with the found of their voices.

Matters being thus adjufted, they began to difcourfe on other fubjects, and to moiften their clay with liberal potations of the right Falernian wine.

'Here's concord among ourfelves,' faid Apoftolico, holding his full cup in his hand, 'and the laft and beft half of it to our enemies.'

'Excellent good, i'faith,' cried Fidele—'a cord for the necks of thofe who feek to place one about ours.'

'Bravo! *Braviffimo!*' with no little noife exclaimed the reft of the troop, and, with marvellous alacrity, followed his example in draining their capacious cups to the bottom. Again, repeatedly, and in quick fucceffion, each man charged his cup to the brim, and as often emptied it, while, as the potent fpirit difturbed the œconomy of their heads, their feftivity grew more riotous and noify, and they feemed moft of them haftening with no fmall fpeed to the goal of inebriation, when

''Sblood,' exclaimed Sanguigno, ftarting fuddenly up, 'what fit we here for, my mafters, when we have bufinefs i' th' foreft of marvellous import?'

'Plague of all bufinefs,' exclaimed Fidele, 'that difturbs good fellows from the bottle, fay I.'

'But what is this mighty bufinefs?' enquired Apoftolico.'

'Some brave followers of our calling,' replied another of the robbers, 'have had a marvellous falling out, and i'faith had well nigh come to blows.'

'Their weapons were out,' faid Sanguigno; 'but the chicken-hearted villains could not find it in their hearts to ufe 'em. An they get us among them they fhall ftrike, and ftoutly too, I warrant ye. I'll have no boy's play; I'll ha' blood; I'll be revenged. That fellow, there, that captain, fhall know Sanguigno is not one to put up tamely with his fcurvy ufage. We'll fee an his humanity 'll ftand him in any ftead when I come about him.'

'Humanity!' repeated Fidele, 'what a plague has a robber to do with humanity?—He 's not fit for the calling.'

'So fay I,' anfwered Sanguigno, 'tis your ftout bullies, who make no more of killing men than if they were flies, that are the beft plunderers.'

'But this fame captain is none fuch,' faid the fellow that fpoke before; 'he's one of your knaves that ftand much upon blood-letting, and one too that 's for ever preaching about humanity and the like o' that; yet the villain will fight—fight like the very devil: his weapon will fly about your ears like lightning. He would never ftrike firft, nor let us without it was a fair match; and then, if the knaves made ever fuch a ftout refiftance, we were not to revenge ourfelves on them; but the inftant they cried Quarter, quietly to put up our weapons.'

'Put him quietly into Ætna, a

rascally knave!' cried Sanguigno: 'an' he ever caught me at that I'd give him leave to eat me! 'Sblood! when plunder's the word, kill all, I say; they can tell no tales then.—For mine own part, I never spare either man, woman, or child.'

'As for the women, Sanguigno, you should spare them, for the sake of her you was so deeply smitten with.'

'Hey! who's that?'

'What, you don't remember the woodman's daughter there?'

'Pooh! the girl was a fool, and there's an end.'

'The business was, she could not abide that black-haired visage of thine; and, i' faith! I marvel not at it—it's enough to scare the devil.'

''S blood, you livered thief! 'tis the face of a man.'

'It must be then of the devil's head serving-man. But this sweet youth, my masters, was not to be put off by a simple wench: he got me and this fellow,' pointing to another of the troop, 'to assist him; and one night when we chanced to be on the prowl near this spot, we three burst into the woodman's hut.'

(To be continued.)

On the EMPLOYMENT *of* TIME *by the* FEMALE SEX.

(By Mr. Gisborne.)

YOUNG women sometimes complain, and more frequently the complaint is made for them, that they have nothing to do. Yet few complaints are urged with less foundation. To prescribe to a young person of the female sex the precise occupations to which she should devote her time is impossible. It would be to attempt to limit by inapplicable rules what must vary according to circumstances which cannot previously be ascertained. Differences in point of health, of intellect, of taste, and a thousand nameless particularities of family occurrences and local situation, claim, in each individual case, to be taken into the account. Some general reflections however may be offered.

I advert not yet to the occupations which flow from the duties of matrimonial life. When to the rational employments open to all women the entire superintendence of domestic economy is added, when parental cares and duties press forward to assume the high rank in a mother's breast to which they are entitled, to complain of the difficulty of finding proper methods of occupying time would be a lamentation which nothing but politeness could preserve from being received by the auditor with a smile. But in what manner, I hear it replied, are they who are not wives and mothers to busy themselves? Even at present, young women in general, notwithstanding all their efforts to quicken and enliven the slow-paced hours, appear, if we may judge from their countenances and their language, not unfrequently to feel themselves unsuccessful. If dress, then, and what is called dissipation, are not to be allowed to fill so large a space in the course of female life as they now overspread; and your desire to curtail them in the exercise of this branch of their established prerogative is by no means equivocal; how are well-bred women to support themselves, in the single state, through the dismal vacuity that seems to await them? This question it may be sufficient to answer by another. If young and well-bred women are not accustomed, in their single state, regularly to assign a large proportion of their hours to serious and instructive occupations, what prospect, what hope, is there, that when married they will assume habits to which

they have ever been ftrangers, and exchange idlenefs and volatility for fteadinefs and exertion?

To every woman, whether fingle or married, the habit of regularly allotting to improving books a portion of each day, and, as far as may be practicable, at ftated hours, cannot be too ftrongly recommended. I ufe the term *improving* in a large fenfe; as comprehending whatever writings may contribute to her virtue, her ufefulnefs, and her innocent fatisfaction; to her happinefs in this world and in the next. She who believes that fhe is to furvive in another ftate of being through eternity, and is duly impreffed by the awful conviction, will not be feduced from an habitual ftudy of the Holy Scriptures, and of other works calculated to imprint on her heart the comparatively fmall importance of the pains and pleafures of this period of exiftence; and to fill her with that knowledge, and infpire her with thofe views and difpofitions, which may enable her to rejoice in the contemplation of futurity.— With the time allotted to the regular perufal of the word of God and of performances which enforce and illuftrate the rules of Chriftian duty, no other kind of reading ought to be permitted to interfere. At other parts of the day, let hiftory, biography, poetry, or fome of the various branches of elegant and profitable knowledge, pay their tribute of inftruction and amufement. But let her ftudies be confined within the ftricteft limits of purity. Let whatever fhe perufes in her moft private hours be fuch as fhe needs not to be afhamed of reading aloud to thofe whofe good opinion fhe is moft anxious to deferve. Let her remember that there is an all-feeing eye, which is ever fixed upon her, even in her clofeft retirement.

There is one fpecies of writings which obtains from a confiderable proportion of the female fex a reception much more favourable than is accorded to other kinds of compofition more worthy of encouragement. It is fcarcely neceffary to add the name of romances. Works of this nature not unfrequently deferve the praife of ingenuity of plan and contrivance, of accurate and well-fupported difcrimination of character, and of force and elegance of language. Some have profeffedly been compofed with a defign to favour the interefts of morality. And among thofe which are deemed to have on the whole a moral tendency, a very few, perhaps, might be felected which are not liable to the difgraceful charge of being contaminated occafionally by incidents and paffages unfit to be prefented to the reader; a charge fo very generally to be alleged with juftice, that, even of the novels which poffefs great and eftablifhed reputation, fome are totally improper, in confequence of fuch admixture, to be perufed by the eye of delicacy.— Poor indeed are the fervices rendered to virtue by a writer, however he may boaft that the object of his performance is to exhibit the vicious as infamous and unhappy, who, in tracing the progrefs of vice to infamy and unhappinefs, introduces the reader to fcenes and language adapted to wear away the quick feelings of modefty, which form at once the ornament and the fafeguard of innocence, and, like the bloom upon a plum, if once effaced, commonly difappear for ever. To indulge in a practice of reading romances is, in feveral other particulars, liable to produce mifchievous effects. Such compofitions are to moft perfons extremely engaging. That ftory muft be uncommonly barren or wretchedly told, of which, after having heard the beginning, we defire not to know the end. To the pleafure of learning the ultimate fortunes of the he-

roes and heroines of the tale, the novel commonly adds, in a greater or a lefs degree, that which arifes from animated defcription, from lively dialogue, or from interefting fentiment. Hence the perufal of one romance leads, with much more frequency than is the cafe with refpect to works of other kinds, to the fpeedy perufal of another. Thus a habit is formed; a habit, at firft, perhaps, of limited indulgence, but a habit that is continually found more formidable and more encroaching The appetite becomes too keen to be denied; and, in proportion as it is more urgent, grows lefs nice and felect in its fare. What would formerly have given offence, now gives none. The palate is vitiated or made dull. The produce of the book-club and the contents of the circulating library are devoured with indifcriminate and infatiable avidity. Hence the mind is fecretly corrupted. Let it be obferved, too, that in exact correfpondence with the increafe of a paffion for reading novels, an averfion to reading of a more improving nature will gather ftrength. There is yet another confequence too important to be overlooked. The cataftrophe and the incidents of romances commonly turn on the viciffitudes and effects of a paffion the moft powerful of all thofe which agitate the human heart. Hence the ftudy of them frequently creates a fufceptibility of impreffion and a premature warmth of tender emotions, which, not to fpeak of other poffible effects, have been known to betray young women into a fudden attachment to perfons unworthy of their affection, and thus to hurry them into marriages terminating in unhappinefs.

In addition to the regular habit of ufeful reading, the cuftom of committing to the memory felect and ample portions of poetic compofitions, not for the purpofe of oftentatioufly quoting them in mixed company, but for the fake of private improvement, deferves, in confequence of its beneficial tendency, to be mentioned with a very high degree of praife. The mind is thus ftored with a lafting treafure of fentiments and ideas, combined by writers of tranfcendent genius and vigorous imagination, clothed in appropriate, nervous, and glowing language, and impreffed by the powers of cadence and harmony. Let the poetry, however, be well-chofen; let it be fuch as elevates the heart with the ardour of devotion, adds energy and grace to the precepts of morality, kindles benevolence by pathetic narrative and reflection, enters with natural and lively defcription into the varieties of character, or prefents vivid pictures of what is grand or beautiful in the fcenery of nature. Such are in general the works of Milton, of Thomfon, of Gray, of Mafon, and of Cowper. It is thus that the beauty and grandeur of nature will be contemplated with new pleafure. It is thus that tafte will be called forth, exercifed, and corrected. It is thus that judgment will be ftrengthened, virtuous emotions cherifhed, piety animated and exalted. At all times, and every circumftance, the heart penetrated with religion will delight itfelf with the recollection of paffages which difplay the perfections of that Being on whom it trufts, and the glorious hopes to which it afpires. When affliction weighs down the fpirits, or ficknefs the ftrength, it is then that their cheering influence will be doubly felt. When old age, difabling the fufferer from the frequent ufe of books, obliges the mind to turn inward upon itfelf, the memory, long retentive, even in its decay, of the acquifitions which it had attained and valued in its early vigour, ftill fuggefts the lines which have again

and again diffufed rapture through the bofom of health, and are yet capable of overfpreading the hours of decrepitude and the couch of pain with confolation.

But it is not from books alone that a confiderate young woman is to feek her gratifications. The difcharge of relative duties, and the exercife of benevolence, form additional fources of activity and enjoyment. To give delight in the affectionate intercourfe of domeftic fociety; to relieve a parent in the fuperintendence of family affairs; to fmooth the bed of ficknefs, and cheer the decline of age; to examine into the wants and diftreffes of the female inhabitants; to promote ufeful inftitutions for the comfort of mothers and for the inftruction of children, and to give to thofe inftitutions that degree of attention which, without requiring much time or much perfonal trouble, will facilitate their eftablifhment and extend their ufefulnefs: thefe are employments congenial to female fympathy; employments in the precife line of female duty; employments which diffufe genuine and lafting confolation among thofe whom they are defigned to benefit, and never fail to improve the heart of her who is engaged in them.

In pointing out what ought to be done, let juftice be rendered to what has been done. In the difcharge of the domeftic offices of kindnefs, and in the exercife of charitable and friendly regard to the neighbouring poor, women, in general, are exemplary. In the latter branch of Chriftian virtue, an acceffion of energy has been witneffed within a few years. Many ladies have fhewn, and ftill continue to fhew, their earneft folicitude for the welfare of the wretched and the ignorant, by fpontaneoufly eftablifhing fchools of induftry and of religious inftruction; and, with a ftill more beneficial warmth of benevolence, have taken the regular infpection of them upon themfelves. May they ftedfaftly perfevere, and be imitated by numbers!

Among the employments of time, which, though regarded with due attention by many young women, are more or lefs neglected by a confiderable number, moderate exercife in the open air claims to be noticed. Sedentary confinement in hot apartments, on the one hand, and public diverfions frequented, on the other, in buildings ftill more crowded and ftifling, are often permitted fo to occupy the time as by degrees even to wear away the relifh for the frefhnefs of a pure atmofphere, for the beauties and amufements of the garden, and for thofe 'rural fights and rural founds,' which delight the mind uncorrupted by idlenefs, folly, or vice. Enfeebled health, a capricious temper, low and irritable fpirits, and the lofs of many pure and continually recurring enjoyments, are among the confequences of fuch mifconduct.

But though books obtain their reafonable proportion of the day, though health has been confulted, the demands of duty fulfilled, and the dictates of benevolence obeyed, there will yet be hours remaining unoccupied; hours for which no fpecific employment has yet been provided. For fuch hours it is not my intention to prefcribe any fpecific employment. What if fome fpace be affigned to the ufeful and elegant arts of female induftry?— But is induftry to poffefs them all? Let the innocent amufements which home furnifhes claim their fhare. It is a claim which fhall cheerfully be allowed. Do amufements abroad offer their pretenfions? Neither fhall they, on proper occafions, be unheard. A well-regulated life will never know a vacuum fufficient to require an immoderate fhare of public amufements to fill it.

REMARKS *on the* REIGN *of* ELIZABETH.

[*From Ellis's 'Specimens of the early English Poets.'*]

THE poetical history of this important reign, which occupies near a century in our annals, could not easily be comprised in a moderate volume. Epic and didactic poems, satires, plays, maskes, translations from the Greek, Latin, and all the modern languages, historical legends, devotional poems, pastoral sonnets, madrigals, acrostics, and humorous and romantic ballads, were produced during this period, with a profusion which, perhaps, has never since been equalled. No less than seventy-four poets are assigned to the reign of Elizabeth in the new edition of the 'Theatrum Poetarum,' and the catalogue might certainly be much further extended.

It is true, that, of these claimants to immortality, the far greater number have been very generally consigned to oblivion; a few, such as Drayton, Fairfax, Warner, sir John Harrington, sir Philip Sidney, sir Walter Raleigh, &c. continue to be cited, in deference to their ancient reputation; but Shakspeare, Jonson, Fletcher, Spenser, and sir John Davis, are still confessed to be unrivalled in their several styles of composition, although near two centuries have elapsed, during which the progress of literature and the improvement of our language have been constant and uninterrupted.

The literary splendour of this reign may be justly attributed to the effects of the Reformation. 'When the corruptions and impostures of popery were abolished,' says Mr. Warton, 'the laity, who had now been taught to assert their natural privileges, became impatient of the old monopoly of knowledge, and demanded admission to the usurpations of the clergy. The general curiosity for new discoveries, heightened either by just or imaginary ideas of the treasures contained in the Greek and Roman writers, excited all persons of leisure and fortune to study the classics. The pedantry of the present age was the politeness of the last.' Of this pedantry he adduces a curious instance in the occupations of queen Elizabeth, whose marvellous progress in the Greek nouns is recorded with rapture by her preceptor Roger Ascham; and he might have found many similar examples in Anne Bullen, and other distinguished characters. But these efforts of patience and industry in the great, were perhaps necessary to encourage and preserve the general emulation of the learned. In a short time, all the treasures of Greek, Latin, and Italian literature were laid open to the public, through the medium of translation. The former supplied our poetry with an inexhaustible fund of new and beautiful allusions; the latter afforded numberless stories taken from common life, in which variety of incident and ingenuity of contrivance were happily united. The genius which was destined to combine this mass of materials, could not fail to be called forth by the patronage of the court, by the incentive of general applause, and by the hopes of raising the literary glory of our nation to a level with that which was the result of its political and military triumphs.

It must also be remembered that the English language was, at this time, much more copious, and consequently better adapted to poetry, than at any prior or subsequent period. Our vocabulary was enriched, during the first half of the sixteenth century, by almost daily adoptions from the learned

languages; and though they were often admitted without necessity, and only in consequence of a blind veneration for the dignity of polysyllables, they must have added something to the expression, as well as to the harmony and variety of our language. These exotics however did not occasion the expulsion of the natives. Our vulgar tongue having become the vehicle of religion, was regarded, not only with national partiality, but with pious reverence. Chaucer, who was supposed to have greatly assisted the doctrines of his contemporary, Wickliffe, by ridiculing the absurdities, and exposing the impostures of the monks, was not only respected as the father of English poetry, but revered as a champion of reformation: and a familiar knowledge of his phraseology was considered, at least in the reign of Edward VI. as essential to the politeness of a courtier. 'I know them,' says Wilson, in his Rhetorick, 'that think rhetorick to stand wholly upon dark words: and he that can catch an *inkhorn term* by the tail, him they count to be a fine Englishman and a good rhetorician. He that cometh lately out of France will talk French-English, and never blush at the matter. Another chops in with English Italianated. *The fine courtier will talk nothing but Chaucer.*' This, by the way, may serve to explain the cause of Spenser's predilection for a phraseology, which, though antiquated, was not either obsolete or unfashionable.

The whole world of words, therefore (to borrow an expression of one of our glossarists), was open to Shakspeare and his contemporaries, and the mode of employing its treasures was left very much to their discretion. Criticism was in its infancy; this was the age of adventure and experiment, undertaken for the instruction of posterity. Mr. Warton thinks he sees in the writers of this reign 'a certain dignified inattention to niceties,' and to this he attributes the flowing modulation which now marked the measures of our poets: but there seems to be neither dignity nor inattention in deviating from rules which had never been laid down: and the modulation, which he ascribes to this cause, is not less likely to have resulted from the musical studies, which at this time formed a part of general education. The lyrical compositions of this time are so far from being usually marked with a faulty negligence, that excess of ornament, and laboured affectation, are their characteristic blemishes. Such as are free from conceit and antithesis, are, in general, exquisitely polished, and may safely be compared with the most elegant and finished specimens of modern poetry.

Remarks *on the* Reign *of* James I.

[*From the Same.*]

It has been remarked by bishop Percy, that almost all the poetry which was composed during the early part of the preceding reign was remarkable for the facility and musical flow of its versification; whereas the compositions of Donne, Jonson, and many of their contemporaries, are, in general, unusually harsh and discordant.

Indeed, our literature could not fail of reflecting, in some degree, the manners of the court. Our maiden queen, unable to submit, without some degree of peevishness and regret, to the ravages made in her charms by the

attacks of age and infirmity, spread uneasiness and constraint all around her: and the playful gallantry inseparable from a female court, was gradually succeeded by a more cold and gloomy system of manners. Poetry, which had long been busied with the loves and graces, was now occupied with the abstruse researches of science; and fancy seemed to be crushed and overlaid by the weight of learning.

The accession of James I. who brought to the throne the accomplishments and dispositions of a pedagogue, contributed to the growth of pedantry and affectation; and at the same time the sullen spirit of puritanism, which began to be widely diffused, concurred in vitiating the national taste. The theatres alone seem to have been the refuge of genius: indeed no period of our history has produced so many models of dramatic excellence: but the wretched spirit of criticism which prevailed in the closet, is evinced by the multiplied editions of Donne, Herbert, and similar versifiers: by the general preference of Jonson to Shakespeare; and by the numberless volumes of patchwork and shreds of quotation, which form the prose compositions of this age.

It is remarkable, that the series of Scotish poets terminates abruptly in this reign; and that no name of eminence occurs between those of Drummond and Thomson. Indeed it is not extraordinary, that the period which intervened between the union of the two crowns and that of the countries, should have proved highly unpropitious to Scotish literature. Scotland becoming an appendage to the sister kingdom, was subjected, as Ireland has since been, to the worst of all governments, being abandoned to the conflict of rival families, who were alternately supported by the English administration; so that it exhibited a species of anarchy under the auspices of a legitimate sovereign.

James I. was himself a poet, and specimens of his talent, such as it was, are to be found in many of our miscellanies. He also wrote some rules and *cauteles*, for the use of professors of the art, which have been long, and perhaps deservedly, disregarded.

INSTRUCTIONS *of* LEWIS XVI. *for the* EDUCATION *of the* DAUPHIN*.

IN A LETTER TO THE ABBÉ ****.

[*From the 'Political and confidential Correſpondence of Lewis XVI. with Obſervations on each Letter, by Helen Maria Williams.'*]

Paris, March 11, 1791.

YOU aſk me, ſir, for ſuch inſtructions as may be fitted to direct the education of the Dauphin, at that tender age when the paſſions are yet dormant, but when reaſon furniſhes the child with the diſpoſition and the means of improvement.

Theſe inſtructions appear to me the more neceſſary, as there are but few works extant proper to ſerve as guides for preceptors, and to train up a child with uſefulneſs. I ſend you a ſeries of reflections which have been ſuggeſted to me by the ſtudy of good writers, and which I have endeavoured to ſimplify as much as poſſible. I have performed this taſk with the zeal dictated by a father's tenderneſs, and the feelings

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* Theſe Inſtructions, and the Maxims which follow, do equal honour to the head and heart of the unfortunate monarch. The ſame may be ſaid of the whole of the correſpondence contained in this publication. The obſervations ſubjoined to each letter by Miſs Williams, appear, in general, to be equally candid and judicious. E.

of a man deeply penetrated with the duties which belong to that rank which my son is called to fill by his birth.

You have to form the heart, and perfect the moral and physical faculties, of a child.

Example, seasonable advice, praise bestowed with address, and reproof tempered by mildness, will awaken in the heart of your young pupil a tender sensibility, the dread of doing wrong, the desire of acting well, a laudable emulation, and the wish of pleasing his preceptor.

Few books, but those well chosen; elementary works, clear, concise, and methodical; agreeable occupation, which, without burdening the memory, excites curiosity, inspires a taste for study and the love of labour; will soon form the mind of a well-organised, docile, and studious, child.

Extracts often repeated, walks, and rural labours, the toils and pleasures of which the preceptor should partake, and which may be limited to the cultivation of a small garden; a few sports with children of his own age, in the presence of the master; such are the infallible means of preserving the child's health, of saving him from the languor of idleness, and of strengthening his constitution.

You ought to fix the hours of your studies, your walks, and your manual occupations, so as to render them commodious to yourself and useful to the child.

I will set apart some moments to instruct my son in geography: the first elements will be unfolded to him, and we will lay before his young mind the annals of ancient and modern nations.

I should not be displeased that my son made himself acquainted with some mechanical art, in the moments of leisure or recreation. I am well aware that people blame me, and make it the subject of pleasantry, that I handle the tools of the smith whilst I wield the sceptre of kings. This taste I inherit from my ancestors. One of our superlatively sage philosophers has made an apology for me in his writings; and this, perhaps, is all I found good in his Emile, all at least that appeared to me worthy of being excused.

Let the principles of the different branches of knowledge be engraven on my son's memory. I despise superficial minds; they are ignorant, presumptuous, and more liable to error than other men.

Never encourage by adulation the caprices of your pupils; my son will learn but too soon that the time approaches when he will be at liberty to indulge them.

Magnify in his eyes the virtues that constitute a good king, and let your lessons be adapted to his comprehension. Alas! he will be one day but too strongly tempted to imitate such of his ancestors as were distinguished only by their military exploits. Military glory dazzles the brain; and what species of glory is that which rolls its eye over streams of human blood, and desolates the universe?

Teach him, with Fenelon, that pacific princes, alone, are held by the people in religious remembrance. The first duty of a prince is to render his people happy: if he knows what it is to be a king, he will always know how to defend his people and his crown.

He must be made familiar with our best French authors, in order to unfold, in his intellectual faculties, that purity of expression which ought to belong to the language and writings of a prince, whom all his subjects will have a right to judge.

Teach him early to know how to pardon injuries, forget injustice, and

reward laudable actions; to respect morality, to be good, and to acknowledge the services which are rendered to him.

Speak to him often of the glory of his anceftors, and prefent to him, as a model of his conduct, Lewis the IXth., a religious prince, and a friend to morality and truth; Lewis the XIIth., who would not punish the confpirators againft the duke of Orléans, and on whom the French conferred the title of 'Father of his people.' Point out to him alfo Henry the Great, who fed the city of Paris while it infulted and made war againft him; and Lewis the XIVth., not while he gives laws to Europe, but when he pacifies the world, and becomes the protector of talents, of the fciences, and of the fine arts.

Curb the paffions and never conceal the foibles of your pupil. Let the calm of private virtues regulate his defires, and he will become mild, pacific, and worthy of being beloved. You will then have enfured the fuccefs of your undertaking, you will be applauded, and will partake of that gratitude which nations owe to thofe who have imitated the wifdom of Fenelon, while he was employed in the difcharge of thofe duties which have raifed him to immortality.

It is not on the exploits of Alexander, or Charles the XIIth., that you ought to dwell with your pupil—thofe princes who have devafted the earth. Difcourfe with him, and that often, of fuch princes as have protected commerce, enlarged the fphere of knowledge—in fhort, of fuch kings as have been really ufeful to their people, and not of thofe on whom hiftory has been too lavifh of praife.

You are acquainted with the beft authors, and the proper methods of inftruction; and you appear to me to have benefited from your ftudies, and the firft leffons of youth; you poffefs knowledge. Endeavour to do for my fon as much as was done for yourfelf. But do not be too eager to enjoy the fruits of your labours, or fear proceeding too flowly; and be convinced that your pupil underftands your preceding leffons before you widen the limits of inftruction. Never diffemble with him, nor fuffer him to appear more learned than he really is: it is fhameful for a prince to poffefs only fuperficial knowledge, and his preceptor fhould fpare him that difgrace.

Pretend to ftudy with your pupil, and thus excite his emulation by awakening his vanity. This method is fometimes fuccefsful, and is honourable to the mafter while it is delightful to the pupil.

Speak to him fometimes, and ever with refpect, of God, his attributes, and his worfhip. Prove to him that the authority of kings proceeds from God, and that, unlefs he believes in the power of the mafter of kings, he will foon become the victim of thofe men who believe in nothing, defpife authority, and imagine themfelves to be the equals of kings.

Let him be taught, from his earlieft years, that religion is worthy of all his homage and all his admiration; that incredulity and falfe-philofophy undermine, imperceptibly, the throne, and that the altar is the rampart of religious kings.

In an age fo enlightened as our own, your pupil muft be fufficiently verfed in the knowledge of experimental philofophy, to be able to appreciate ufeful difcoveries. It would be very humiliating for him not to know how to difcufs certain fubjects, which, in that cafe, would only ferve to difcover his ignorance. 'When he had given his meafure,' to ufe an expreffion of Montaigne, he would be only a king in name.

While our young pupil is acquiring the art of governing, let ſome rays of light be reflected on him from the mirror of truth; above all, be careful to impreſs thoſe truths which may remind him that he is placed above other men only to render them happy. Remember to teach him, that when every thing is in our power, we muſt be extremely ſober in the uſe of our authority. Laws are the pillars of the throne: if they be violated, the people think themſelves abſolved from their engagements. Civil wars have taught us, that it is almoſt always thoſe who govern, who have cauſed, by their errors, the effuſion of human blood. The juſt king is the good.

Teach your pupil, that vices and exceſſes diſhonour thoſe who ought one day to be cited only as models for imitation.

Diſplay to him the charms of meekneſs, goodneſs, and moderation. Repreſs the impetuous feelings of his nature; never be the ſlave of his caprice; and ſeek the friendſhip of your pupil, not by a dangerous complaiſance, but by rational confidence, by the pure careſſes of affection, and well-directed affability.

Do not ſuperfluouſly fatigue his memory; but let every moment of his exiſtence be occupied. Let alternate labour and recreation fill up the moments which are paſſed with you. Uſe all your efforts to lead him to wiſh to ſee you, and to regret your abſence

I had tranſcribed, for the uſe of my ſon, the late dauphin, a great number of ideas upon education: ſome errors, borrowed from modern philoſophy, had glided themſelves into my work. Experience has taught me better. I think I have ſent you a copy of my treatiſe: make a choice from it; but beware of all thoſe erroneous principles which are the offspring of novelty, of the ſpirit of the age, and of the poiſon of incredulity.

Far be from him all thoſe works of that philoſophy which pretends to judge God, his worſhip, his church, and his divine law. The paſſions will one day but too powerfully incline your pupil to ſhake off the yoke of religion, and flatterers will avail themſelves of that moment. Teach him to reſpect holy things; and unveil before him falſe philoſophy.

I ſhould have many things to ſay to you, which my tenderneſs for my ſon would dictate, and my wiſh to form his heart and mind; but I fear taking too ſententious a tone, and having the air of giving laws to his preceptor. I have perfect confidence, ſir, that my letter will ſometimes be conſulted by you; but I do not deſire that it ſhould be the only rule of your conduct. I muſt ſee you from time to time: come, and ſee me, with your pupil. Amidſt the griefs that rend my ſoul, my conſolation is in my ſon; and I obſerve, with complacency, the progreſs he daily makes, and which he owes to your care and your friendſhip.

LEWIS.

MAXIMS *written by the* HAND *of* LEWIS XVI.

(*From the Same.*)

I.

It does not always depend upon a king to render his ſubjects happy; but it is in his power to make a profitable uſe of their talents, by giving them employments of which they are capable.

II.

To do good, and hear yourſelf evil ſpoken of with patience, are the virtues of a king.

III.

To confer benefits on others is to receive them yourfelf.

IV.

The beft manner of avenging ourfelves is by not refembling him who has injured us.

V.

He who refufes to obey univerfal and political reafon, that is, Providence, refembles a fugitive flave; he who does not fee it, is blind.

VI.

We muft not adopt the opinions of our fathers like children, that is, only becaufe our fathers have entertained thofe opinions, and bequeathed them to us; but we fhould examine them, and follow truth.

VII.

To be happy is to make our own fortune; and that fortune confifts in good difpofitions of mind, good propenfities, and good actions.

VIII.

We ought to receive benefits from our friends without ingratitude, and without meannefs.

IX.

Affected franknefs is an hidden poignard.

X.

Let us give to all the world, more liberally to the good, but without refufing to fatisfy the neceffities of any perfon, not even of our enemy; fince we do not give to morals or to character, we give to man.

XI.

What a mighty refource is the teftimony of a good confcience!

XII.

Religion is the mother of the virtues: the worfhip we owe to God fhould be preferred to all things.

XIII.

To love, we muft know: to know, we muft put to a trial. I never confer my friendfhip but with the utmoft precaution.

XIV.

Bad muficians, and bad poets, are infupportable to thofe who liften; but nature has given them the privilege of being delighted with themfelves.

XV.

To applaud injuries, to relifh calumny, although not of our invention, is to become guilty.

XVI.

Party-quarrels are only flying fparks when the fovereign takes no fide; but they become conflagrations when he throws his weight into either fcale.

XVII.

Falfe demonftrations of efteem and friendfhip feem to be allowed in politics, but never in morality; and, on examination, we may perceive that the reputation of deceit is as ignominious for a prince as it is hurtful for his interefts.

XVIII.

An avaricious prince, is, with refpect to the people, like a phyfician who fuffers the patient to be ftifled by his own blood; and a prodigal prince is like a phyfician who kills by too much bleeding.

XIX.

He who wifhes to reduce his equal to fubjection, is always fanguinary or deceitful.

XX.

Misfortune is the thermometer that marks the coldnefs of our friends.

XXI.

It is more from the mind of Marcus Aurelius than from his maxims that we muft judge the man and the monarch.

XXII.

A work written without freedom, muft be without intereft and without merit.

XXIII.

It is only what merits being known, that merits being written.

XXIV.

Soldiers are inftituted for the defence of the country; to let them

out to other ſtates is to pervert, at the ſame time, the end of commerce and of war. It is not permitted to traffic with holy things; and what is more ſacred than the blood of men?

XXV.

A collection ſhould be made of all the faults which princes have committed, from precipitation in politics, for the uſe of thoſe who deſire to form treaties and alliances. The time they muſt employ in reading them over would lead to ſalutary reflections.

XXVI.

We muſt diſtinguiſh between flattery and praiſe. Trajan was encouraged to virtue by the panegyric of Pliny: Tiberius became obſtinate in vice from the flattery of the ſenators.

XXVII.

A ſcourge from Heaven laſts but a certain time, ravages but a few countries, and the loſſes which it occaſions, however terrible, can be repaired; but the crimes of kings expoſe whole nations to long ſufferings.

XXVIII.

The princes of Machiavel are like the gods of Homer, who were deſcribed as robuſt and powerful, but never juſt. Lewis Sforza was in the right to be only a warrior, ſince he was only an uſurper.

XXIX.

It were to be wiſhed, for the happineſs of the world, that kings were always good, without being, however, too indulgent; in order that goodneſs in them might always be a virtue, and never a weakneſs.

XXX.

A king who reigns by juſtice has the whole earth for his temple, and all good men for his miniſters.

SIGNE AND HABOR;

A GOTHIC ROMANCE.

(*Continued from p. 376.*)

ALGER, who was unacquainted with the ſecret deſigns of his brother, would willingly have accompanied him in his expedition, but that he feared it would be too long protracted, and he wiſhed not to be abſent at the nuptials of his ſiſter Signe. He, however, went with Belviſe to invite Hakon. They travelled with great expedition, and were received by Hakon with the utmoſt courteſy.

'I will go,' ſaid he, to Sigerſtedt, 'but not without a military guard. I fear Bera; I fear Alf: the expedition of Alf is ſuſpicious.'

'Bera,' ſaid Alger, 'is my mother, and Alf is a hero.'

'Alf is a hero, but his pride is wounded, and Bera is the mother of Alf as well as of Alger.'

Alger felt in his heart that the apprehenſions of Hakon were but too well juſtified by circumſtances, nor could Belviſe reſiſt his riſing ſuſpicions.

Hakon was at all times prepared for war and maritime excurſion: two hundred ſhips were ſoon aſſembled at Stockſund, and with theſe he ſet ſail for Zealand.

In the mean time Alf and Hildegiſle put to ſea with one hundred and thirty ſhips; among which, however, were only five Daniſh ſhips, the reſt were all Saxon. They lay to near Skagen to wait for Habor. And now, for the firſt time, the leaders diſcovered to their crews the purpoſe of their expedition, and diſtributed among them arms, clothing, proviſions, and beer. The Saxons made no objection, for they believed their prince would never commit injuſtice; but the few Danes, bad as they were, recollected the treaty, and could not reconcile

themselves to such a faithless breach of it, which, they said, must be so distressing, so fatal, to the matchless princess, the beauteous Signe. In vain were they promised double pay; in vain did Alf declare that he would give up to them his whole share of the booty that should be taken; they remained inflexible till he assured them that he was certain that Habor would make the first attack upon him. They then all exclaimed that they would fight for their prince.

After they had continued at their station two days, the Norwegian ships appeared in sight. The Saxons immediately began the attack, and, at last, the Danes followed them, when the engagement began to grow warm. The Norwegian fleet consisted only of thirty light vessels, commanded by Helvin and Hamund, whom their father and brother had ordered to sail forwards to announce their coming. The Norwegians soon perceived that their enemies, whom they took to be Saxons only, for they could not suspect that any Danes were with them, were greatly superior to them in force; but they resolved rather to die than to fly: they, besides, hoped that their countrymen, who were soon to follow them, might arrive in time to their assistance. The battle was obstinate and long; but at length all the Norwegian ships were either taken or sunk, except three, which, though extremely shattered, made their escape, and carried to their comrades the disastrous tidings. Alf himself, as also Hildegisle, with four other ships, had borne down upon, and lay closely engaged with, the ship of Helvin and Hamund. Here the conflict raged with the greatest fury, and many brave warriors weltered in their blood. At length Alf and Hildegisle, with a number of their followers, boarded the Norwegian ship.

'Here are Danes!' exclaimed the Norwegian princes to each other: 'what means this?'

Alf allowed them no time to enquire, but pierced Helvin through the body, whom he immediately knew to be the brother of Habor, by his resemblance to that hero in person and the armour he wore. Hamund was at the same instant slain by the Saxons.

'Lie there,' said Alf; 'now shall Habor have little reason to triumph and joy.'

When the Normans saw their princes fall, despairing of victory or escape, they threw their shields over their backs, and, plunging into the sea, ended their lives amid the waves, rather than fall into the hands of their enemies. The Saxons and Danes then raised the shout of victory, though they had little cause to boast; for forty of their best ships had been sunk and destroyed in the furious combat, which was so bloody that neither side would accept prisoners. Alf now experienced a horrible joy; yet was not his vengeance satiated, for he thirsted for the blood of Habor. He caused the heads of Helvin and Hamund to be cut off, and fixed upon javelins set up in the prow of his ship.

When the melancholy tidings of these fatal events reached Habor, rage, and the just desire of severe revenge, took full possession of his breast. Hamund shed no tears, but said, with a kind of wild and cold indifference—

'Now may I end my life amid the tumult of war, as I have always wished.'

Habor soon after descried the golden flag of the enemy.

'There,' exclaimed he, 'is the ensign of our treacherous foes; now shall my revenge be satiated!'

Hamund ſtarted up, and ſeized two javelins—

'Show me the enemy,' ſaid he, for his eyes were dim.

'Expoſe not thy life raſhly,' ſaid Habor; 'heavy, more than ſufficiently heavy, is the weight of grief which has already fallen on me to-day.'

'I am feeble,' anſwered Hamund, 'but I will revenge my ſons as much as my ſtrength will enable me, and the world ſhall ſay the aged Hamund fell gloriouſly.'

'What do I ſee!' exclaimed Habor; 'a warrior ſtands on the prow of the foremoſt ſhip, and on each ſide of him is a bleeding head. Ah! ſhould they be thoſe of my brothers!—By the powerful Thor they are!'

He was ſilent; he looked furiouſly around him.—'Alf!' he exclaimed immediately after, and his ſword, which he had drawn, fell from his hand.

'The brother of Signe!' cried the aged Hamund, glancing his eyes wildly upon Habor, who was ſilent, and anſwered only by a frantic look expreſſive of rage and deſpair, while the colour of his countenance changed, by turns, from the fiery redneſs of the ardent coal to the livid paleneſs of the lifeleſs corſe. Fierce and dreadful were the thoughts which now, for the firſt time, harrowed his ſoul.

Hamund ſeized two javelins, and threw them with all his might; but they fell harmleſs—the one in the water between the ſhips, and the other by the ſide of Alf. It now ſeemed as if Rota touched the heart of Alf with her javelin, and exclaimed to him—'Avenge thy diſgrace: I devote Hamund to Odin;' for at firſt he appeared confuſed and abaſhed at the ſight of Habor. A conviction that he had violated his engagements, his honour, his duty, wrought powerfully on his heart; and he would have fled had not his pride forbidden him: but, ſuddenly, he threw away his ſword, and, graſping a bow which lay near him, and fitting to the ſtring an arrow, drew it with a nervous arm, pointing the deadly ſhaft, with unerring aim, at Hamund. The arrow cleaved the air with incredible ſwiftneſs, and buried itſelf in the ſide of Hamund. The ſtaggering warrior, exerting all his ſtrength, drew it forth; a torrent of blood followed; he fell, and bit the deck in mortal agony, while his eyes cloſed in death. Furiouſly Habor ſeized his ſword; and, though the diſtance between the ſhips was ſtill ſeveral yards, he leaped it at one mighty bound, and, wielding his weighty weapon with both hands, diſcharged at Alf a tremendous blow. The head of the Norwegian prince fell, and bounded on the deck.

'Begone to Hæl *, perfidious wretch,' exclaimed the furious Habor.

And now, on every ſide, the battle raged with accumulated fury. Many brave warriors were buried in the ſea while they attempted to board the ſhips of their adverſaries. The decks ſwam with blood; and death appeared in a thouſand different and horrid ſhapes.

The Danes, confounded by the death of their prince, and diſheartened by the injuſtice of the cauſe in which they fought, ſought ſafety in flight; but the Saxons continued their reſiſtance longer. At length Hildegiſle, perceiving that all reſiſtance was in vain, and being wounded in the leg, followed with his Saxons. He was the more ready to abandon the conteſt, as hope again revived in his heart; 'for Ha-

* The goddeſs of death, in the Northern mythology: her abode is deſcribed as moſt gloomy and dreary.

Engraved for the Ladies Magazine Aug.st 1803.

PARIS DRESS.

bor,' he said to himself, 'has slain the brother of Signe.'

Habor did not pursue him; he was detained by a powerful and sacred duty—the committing to the earth the remains of his father. He raised over the body of Hamund a lofty mount, near Skagen, and composed, himself, a funeral song in honour of him, which he and his warriors, three times encompassing his grave, sung with a loud voice, striking their swords upon their shields at the end of every stanza. Under the same mount he deposited the heads of his two brothers.

(To be continued.)

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

(With an Engraving, elegantly coloured.)

THE *Jewish tunics, with loose sleeves,* not very wide, but rarely fitting close to the arm, still continue to be much worn. The *coloured fichus, crossed over the neck,* have, likewise, not yet lost their vogue; but they are not two days together of the same colour. The yellow straw hats and deep *capotes* are still in favour. Veils are seldom worn; the custom of edging the *capotes* with a broad hanging lace has rendered them useless. We see many robes of black crape; but white is still the prevailing colour: lilac is still in fashion, but not so common as the rose and flesh colour. Jewish tunics, of different colours, trimmed with black lace, are frequently seen.

All the young men of fashion wear white silk stockings. Silver buckles are common. Black, or dark brown, is more worn than blue.

LONDON FASHIONS.

Promenade Dresses.

A DRESS of plain muslin, with a cambric habit shirt; a hussar jacket of blue silk; helmet bonnet of straw, ornamented with a green wreath: nankeen shoes.

A plain dress of white muslin, with long sleeves; habit shirt of muslin and lace; Leghorn hat; nankeen shoes.

Head Dresses.

Hat of white chip, tied down with white ribband, orange leaves in front. Cap of white net, with quiltings of net round the front, and ornamented with a fancy flower. Turban of white satin and muslin, with two rows of beads round the front, and ornamented with ostrich feathers. Cap of white lace, trimmed with pink ribband; fancy flower in front. Hat of white chip, and lilac crape, turned up in front, and ornamented with ostrich feathers. Cap of white lace, with a fancy flower. A double front straw bonnet, with a dome crown. Dress hat of blue crape, ornamented with feathers or flowers. Round hat of striped yellow.

General Observations.

The prevailing colours are lilac, blue, and green. Dresses are made very low in the back, with the waists short. Lace continues to be worn generally. Plain Leghorn hats are at present considered as most fashionable. Cloaks of worked muslin, trimmed all round with lace, are most prevalent.

The MORAL ZOOLOGIST.

PART II.

(*Continued from p.* 371.)

LETTER VI.

From Eugenia to the Right Hon. Lady ———.

THE characters of the owl genus are—the bill hooked, and covered at the base with bristles, instead of that membraneous substance called the *cere* in other rapacious birds. The nostrils of owls are oblong, and their tongues cloven at the end. The heads are, in every species, remarkably large, and, in some, the large aperture of the ear is covered with a tuft of feathers resembling horns. Their claws are hooked and sharp; and the outer toe capable of turning backwards like that of the parrot.

The eyes of the owl are large and protuberant, and so delicate that they are dazzled by the broad light of day, and unable to endure the full rays of the sun. In the morning and evening twilights, they leave their retreats to chase, or rather to search for, their prey. The nights which are illumined by the mild light of the morn, are to them the finest of days—days of pleasure and abundance, in which they can seek their prey for several hours together, and obtain an ample supply of provision. In nights when she is not present, their researches are confined to a single hour in the morning and in the evening; for, though owls are dazzled by too bright a day-light, they do not see best in the darkest nights, as some have erroneously imagined. Their sight fails when the gloom of night is completely settled; and, in this respect, they differ not from other animals—such as hares, wolves, and stags, which leave the woods in the evening to feed, or to hunt during night; only these animals see still better in the day than in the night; whereas the organs of vision in the nocturnal birds are so much overpowered by the brightness of day, that they are obliged to remain in the same place without moving; and when they are compelled to leave it, their flight is slow and irregular, and they are evidently afraid of striking against some obstacle which they cannot discern.

It is, however, to be observed, that this weakness of sight by day is not the same in every species of owls. The great-eared owl sees so distinctly in open day, as to be able to fly to considerable distances; the little owl chases and takes its prey long before the setting, and after the rising, of the sun. Travellers inform us that the great-eared owl, or eagle owl of North America, catches the white grous in open day, and even when the reflection heightens the intensity of the light; and Belon remarks, that 'if we carefully examine the sight of these birds, it will not be found so weak as is usually imagined.' The long-eared owl, the tawny owl, the white owl, and the aluco or brown owl, appear to be those which are most dazzled by the splendor of day, and see best with the least light.

Owls, in general, remain during the day in some dark retreat; the cleft of a rock, a hollow tree, or the holes of some ruinous and mouldering tower, are the solitary abodes of these gloomy birds. There they frequently increase the dreary melancholy of the scene by their hideous cries, the disagreeable tone of which has been rendered more terrific by prejudice and superstition. The voice of the white, or, as it is called, from its sharp discordant

cry, the ſcreech-owl has always been regarded by the common people as ominous of death. It is only, however, when the owls are ſtationary that they utter theſe doleful notes, which are probably a call to courtſhip: while in purſuit of their prey they are all ſilent, as the ſmalleſt noiſe might alarm the little animals they endeavour to ſurpriſe. When their purſuit has been ſucceſsful they ſoon return to their ſolitude, or to their young, if they are rearing them. But if they have found but little prey, they will continue their ſearch ſtill longer; and it ſometimes happens that, obeying the dictates of appetite rather than thoſe of prudence, they purſue ſo long that broad day breaks in upon them, and leaves them dazzled, bewildered, and at a diſtance from home.

In this diſtreſs they are obliged to take ſhelter in the firſt tree or hedge that offers, and continue there concealed all day, till the returning darkneſs once more reſtores to them the power of ſight without uneaſineſs and pain. But it often happens that, notwithſtanding all the precaution they take to conceal themſelves, they are diſcovered by the other birds of the place, who, perceiving their fear or their conſtrained ſituation, ſeem to delight to inſult them. The blackbird, the thruſh, the jay, the redbreaſt, and the titmouſe, all aſſemble to enjoy the ſport. The ſmalleſt, the feebleſt, and the moſt contemptible, of the enemies of the owl, are then the foremoſt to torment him. They increaſe their cries and turbulence around him, flap him with their wings, and are ready to ſhew their courage to be great, as they are ſenſible that their danger is but ſmall. The unfortunate owl, not knowing how to defend himſelf or how to fly, patiently ſits and ſuffers all their inſults. He remains motionleſs and confounded, hears their cries and noiſe, and only replies by ſome awkward and ſilly geſtures, turning round his head, his eyes, and his body, with a particularly fooliſh air. He even ſuffers himſelf to be aſſaulted without making reſiſtance. The appearance of an owl by day is ſufficient to ſet the whole grove in a kind of uproar. Either the averſion all the ſmall birds have to him or the conſciouſneſs of their own ſecurity induces them to purſue him without intermiſſion; while by their mutual cries they ſeem to call upon all they meet, and encourage each other to join in, and continue with ardour, the chace. Sometimes, however, the little birds are guilty of the ſame indiſcretion in purſuing him which he had himſelf committed in hunting for his prey. They follow him, and continue their perſecution till the evening returns, and again reſtores to him his faculty, and then he makes many of the foremoſt of his purſuers pay dearly for their former teazing and inſults.

Of this propenſity of the ſmaller birds to flock round and perſecute the owl the bird-catchers avail themſelves. They have the art of counterfeiting the cry of the owl exactly; and when they have limed the branches of a hedge they conceal themſelves, and give the call. Immediately all the little birds flock to the place where they expect to find their well-known enemy; but inſtead of finding their blinking antagoniſt, they are ſtuck faſt upon the lime-twigs. This method of catching birds muſt be put in practice about an hour before the cloſe of day, for if it be deferred later the ſame birds which flock together in the day to chaſe and inſult him fly from him with as much dread as they before diſplayed inſolence.

The nocturnal birds of prey, which are all included in the different ſpecies of owls, differ from the birds which commit their ravages in the day, not only by the delicate[illegible]eſs of their ſenſe

of ſight, but by that of their hearing, which appears to be ſuperior to that of other birds, and perhaps to that of every other animal; for the drum of the ear is proportionably larger than in the quadrupeds, and beſides they can open and ſhut this organ at pleaſure, a power poſſeſſed by no other animal. They are alſo diſtinguiſhed by their mode of flying, which is a kind of tumbling, and conſtantly ſideways and without noiſe, as if they were wafted by the wind.

I ſhall now proceed to give a brief deſcription of the principal ſpecies of the owl genus. They may be divided into two kinds; thoſe that have horns, and thoſe without. Theſe horns are only two or three feathers that ſtand up on each ſide of the head, over the ears, and give this bird a kind of horned appearance. Of the horned owls there are three principal ſpecies: 1ſt, the great-horned owl, or great-eared owl; 2d, the long-eared owl, or common-horned owl; and, 3d, the ſcops, or little-horned owl. Of the owls which are not horned there are at leaſt five ſpecies; *viz.* 1ſt, the aluco, or the black owl; 2d, the tawny owl; 3d, the white owl; 4th, the brown owl; and, 5th, the little owl.

THE GREAT-HORNED OWL.

This bird is by ſome called the eagle owl, and is indeed the eagle of the night, and the king of that tribe of birds which avoid the light of day, and prowl for prey in the ſhades of the evening. At firſt view he appears as large as the eagle, but is really much ſmaller, and different in all his proportions. The legs, body, and tail, are ſhorter than in the eagle; the wings are not ſo broad; they extend about five feet. The head is much larger than in proportion to the ſize of the body, and the cavities of the ears are broad and deep. On each ſide of the head riſe two tufts of feathers, reſembling horns, two inches and a half long, which the bird can erect or depreſs at pleaſure. The bill is ſhort, thick, hooked, and black; the eyes are large, tranſparent, and ſurrounded with an iris of an orange colour. The face is encircled with ſmall white frizzled feathers; the neck is very ſhort; the body covered with a reddiſh-brown plumage, ſpotted on the back with yellow and black, and with yellow on the belly; the feet are clothed to the claws with a thick down and ruſty feathers; the claws are black, very ſtrong, and hooked.

This bird uſually haunts rocks, or old deſerted towers, ſolitary churches, or the ruins of ancient caſtles; he ſeldom ventures into the plains, or perches on the boughs of trees. He preys, in general, on young hares, rabbits, moles, and mice; which latter he ſwallows entire, but afterwards throws up the hair, bones, and ſkin, formed into a kind of ball. He will alſo devour ſerpents, lizards, toads, and frogs, and feed his young with them; in providing for which this bird is particularly active and ſucceſsful, its neſt being uſually quite crammed with proviſions.

This ſpecies of owls make their neſts in the crags of rocks or in the holes of lofty old walls, and ſometimes in hollow trees. Their neſt is about three feet in diameter, formed of ſmall dry ſticks and roots, and lined with leaves. They uſually lay one or two eggs, and ſometimes, though rarely, three. Their eggs are larger than thoſe of the hen, and in colour ſomewhat reſemble their own plumage. The young are very voracious, and the parents procure them ſubſiſtence with much more agility than might be expected from their ſize and apparent awkwardneſs.—They will frequently attack the buzzards when they have taken any prey, beat them, and ſeize their plunder.

The great-horned owl is ſome-

times employed by falconers to lure the kite, when they wiſh to catch him for the purpoſe of training the falcon. On this occaſion they affix to the owl a fox's tail, to add to the ſingularity of his figure. Thus accoutred, he ſkims ſlowly along, flying low, which is his uſual manner. The kite, either curious to obſerve this odd kind of animal, or perhaps inquiſitive to ſee whether it may not be proper for food, flies after, and comes nearer and nearer, hovering and deſcending incautiouſly, till he is ſurpriſed by the falconer, or caught by ſome ſtrong-winged hawk let looſe upon him.

This bird is the *Strix Bubo* of Linnæus: it inhabits Europe, and is found, though rarely, in the north of England, Cheſhire, and Wales.

THE LONG-EARED OWL.

This owl, ſometimes called the common horned owl, is much leſs than the former, the wings only extending about three feet and a half. The horns, or ears, are much ſhorter, and ſcarcely exceed an inch in length, though they are very wide, like thoſe of the great-horned owl. They rather reſemble the ears of quadrupeds than their horns, and conſiſt of ſix feathers variegated with yellow and black. The upper parts of the head, neck, back, and wings, are marked with ſtreaks of grey, dull yellow, and brown; the breaſt and belly are of a dull yellow, marked with ſlender brown ſtreaks pointing downwards. The bill is ſhort and blackiſh; the eyes are of a fine yellow; the feet covered with ruſty-coloured feathers as far as the claws, which are rather broad and of a blackiſh brown. The length of this bird, from the beak to the claws, is about a foot: the tail is five or ſix inches long.

Theſe birds ſeldom take the trouble to build a neſt, but generally depoſit their eggs, of which they lay four or five, in the old neſts of other birds, particularly thoſe of magpies, which it is well known make a new one every year. The young, which are at firſt white, acquire their natural colour in the courſe of about a fortnight.

This ſpecies is much more common and numerous than the preceding, which is rarely to be found with us in winter, whereas the long-eared owl is to be found in every ſeaſon of the year. It is more common in France and Italy than in England. It can ſupport cold, and is found in Sweden. It appears alſo that it is found in Canada, and in many other parts of North-America. The owl of Carolina, deſcribed by Cateſby, and that of South America, mentioned by father Feuillée, are probably only varieties of this ſpecies in conſequence of the difference of climates, as they appear only to differ in the ſhades and diſtribution of their colours.

The ordinary habitation of the long-eared owl is in the walls of old buildings, the clefts of rocks, or cavities of hollow trees in mountain foreſts, whence it rarely deſcends into the plains. When attacked by other birds, it makes a vigorous defence with its claws and beak; and when aſſailed by too powerful an antagoniſt, it turns upon its back, to have the more ready uſe of theſe weapons.

This bird is the *Strix Otus* of Linnæus, who makes its ſpecific character that 'the tufts of its ears conſiſt of ſix feathers.'

(To be continued.)

POETICAL ESSAYS.

IDYLLION,

Occaſioned by the drawing of a Caſcade in Stirlingſhire, executed by a Lady of diſtinguiſhed Rank.

[By Wm. Richardſon A. M. Profeſſor of Humanity in the Univerſity of Glaſgow.]

I.

BENEATH the overflowing deep,
Amid their coral groves,
Their lyres the tuneful Nereids ſweep,
And chaunt their happy loves:
While rolling o'er their cryſtal-pillar'd arch,
In rude array th' enormous billows march.

II.

And Naïads too, that duly bring
Their tribute to the main,
With rapture ſmite the vocal ſtring,
And pour the feſtive ſtrain;
Or trim with glitt'ring ſpar their moſſy cells,
Or in the grotto range their ſpeckled ſhells:

III.

And glory in the various ſongs
That celebrate their courſe;
And tell what praiſe to them belongs,
What dignity of ſource;
What peerleſs dame, fair maid, or ſage ſerene,
Or poet, ever pac'd their margin green.

IV.

Fair Leven, in ſoft-flowing verſe,
Exults in Smollet's name;
Nor fails, triumphant, to rehearſe
The iſlands whence ſhe came;
The woody iſlands, the reſounding caves,
And rocks that Lomond's hoary billow laves *.

V.

Th' Endrick in wildly-lyric mood
Diſplays her laurel crown;
And tells, that, muſing by her flood,
Sage Napier earn'd renown:
That oft ſhe paus'd, and mark'd at midnight hour
The pale lamp glimm'ring in his ivy'd tower.

VI.

Triumphant ev'n the yellow Blane,
Though by a fen defac'd,
Boaſts that Buchanan's early ſtrain
Conſol'd her troubled breaſt:
That often, muſe-ſtruck, in her lonelieſt nook,
The orphan boy por'd on ſome metred book.

VII.

Poor Dowalt grieves; no joyful ſtrains
Flow from her trembling wire;
All unrenown'd the Naïad 'plains
Amid her ſiſter choir:
Yet who can boaſt of dells ſo ſweetly wild,
Or ivy'd grey-rocks more abruptly pil'd!

VIII.

How deeply ton'd the white caſcade,
Whirl'd by her rapid ſtreams,
That roars amid the cavern'd glade,
And thro' the green-wood gleams!
Yet 'mid the nightly gloom the ſobbing gale
Swells with the murmur of her lonely wail.

IX.

Her heath-crown withers on her brow;
And uninſcrib'd her urn.—
Change, Naïad, change thy tone of woe;
Ceaſe, Naïad, ceaſe to mourn!
Soon to thy ſiſter nymphs wilt thou proclaim,
That thou haſt earn'd an equal ſhare of fame.

X.

For M*** with eye of taſte
Hath ſeen; with touch of ſkill
Hath ſeiz'd thee, 'mid thy woody waſte,
And ruſhing down thy hill:
Hath ſeen thy dewy treſſes wave aloft;
Surpris'd, and held thee by compulſion ſoft:

* On the ſide of the Leven is erected a pillar near the birth-place of Dr. Smollett. This river iſſues from Loch Lomond, into which falls the river Endrick, running through Strath Endrick, cloſe to the ruins of an old caſtle, in which Napier of Merchiſton is ſaid to have reſided when he invented the Logarithms. This river receives the Blane, on the ſide of which the celebrated George Buchanan was born, and near which an obeliſk has been erected to his memory. Having loſt his parents in his infancy, Buchanan was educated by G. Heriot, his maternal uncle. The Dowalt enters the Blane near its junction with the Endrick.

XI.

Hath feen thy white robe, gem'd with pearl,
Flow from the rugged fteep;
Where Dryads their green flags unfurl,
And through the valleys fweep:
Stay, Naïad, at her powerful bidding ftay!
And well I ween, thou wilt not hafte away.

XII.

For by her pencil's magic power
She bids thy beauty live:
Now, Dowalt, blefs th' aufpicious hour!
Now, Dowalt, ceafe to grieve;
But to the choir of elder nymphs proclaim,
That noble M*** has given thee fame.

INSCRIPTION,

INTENDED FOR A STATUE OF THE LATE DUKE OF BEDFORD.

By the Right Hon. Richard Fitzpatrick.

HERE let no fymbols of deftructive War,
No blood-ftain'd conqueror's triumphal car,
No fculptur'd trophies, to the penfive mind
Retrace the miferies of human kind;
Where happier emblems celebrate his worth,
Who liv'd not to defpoil, but blefs, the earth!
With anxious care and deep refearch, to fcan
That firft of fciences—the good of man;
To cherifh Culture's progrefs through the land,
Stretch forth to Induftry a foft'ring hand;
To feel, on principles feverely juft,
In rank pre-eminent, a facred truft;
To prize in riches but their pow'r to grant
Reward to Merit and relief to Want:
Praife of fuch high defert, fay, who fhall claim?
And, hark! a nation's voice re-echoes Ruffell's name!
How, through the annals of their country, fhine
Th' unfading honours of his patriot line!
Difaftrous days of civil ftrife they faw,
When vaulting Pow'r o'erleap'd the bounds of Law:
Their temp'rate wifdom ftrove, alas! in vain,
Thofe threat'ning flames of Difcord to contain
Which foon blaz'd forth—the fiend's infernal brand
Spread devaftation through the fated land;
And Peace, from Albion's mangled bofom driv'n,
With virtuous Bedford wing'd her way to Heav'n.
Again, when Pow'r's unquench'd and quenchlefs thirft
The facred boundaries of Right had burft,
Another Ruffell Freedom's champion ftood,
Nor fpar'd for her, nor wifh'd to fpare, his blood;
But died, oh, victim of perverted laws!
An unrepining martyr in her caufe.
Far happier thou! Thy more aufpicious day,
Of lawful rulers own'd the chaften'd fway;
Who, on the downfal of a tyrant's throne,
Had fix'd the juft foundation of their own.
But, ah! too foon was veil'd in endlefs night
Th' accomplifh'd promife of a dawn fo bright.
All-ruling Powers! by whofe myfterious doom
Life's fleeting tenants fink into the tomb,
With lavifh Nature's richeft gifts adorn'd,
Still muft a Ruffell be belov'd and mourn'd.
Ceafe, fond complaint! though man's precarious breath
Yield, unrefifting, to the fhaft of Death,
The lafting good a patriot's cares achieve,
The figh which millions o'er his afhes heave,
The bright example of that gen'rous mind,
Whofe God-like impulfe was to ferve mankind,
Bequefts to unborn ages fhall remain,
And mark—that Virtue has not liv'd in vain.

BETSY OF THE GROVE.

SWEET Betſy of the Grove doth dwell
Within yon' village ſmall:
Her beauties I could fondly tell;
But virtue 's more than all.
And ſhe is virtuous 't is well known,
As all her actions prove:
I wiſh'd, alone, to call mine own,
Sweet Betſy of the Grove.

But now, alas! all hope is fled!—
Though once I vainly told
How much my heart for Betſy bled!
To me ſhe prov'd moſt cold:
For happier William won her heart,—
He gain'd her mutual love:
This day he weds, no more to part
From Betſy of the Grove.

May all their days glide happy by!
Though happineſs to me
Will now be ſtrange; where'er I fly,
My heart can ne'er be free!
I blame her not—it was no crime,
If me ſhe could not love.
May peace and pleaſure fill her time,—
Sweet Betſy of the Grove!

July 4, 1803. J. M. L.

ODE TO MORNING.

[*From Greſwell's 'Memoirs of Literary Characters.'*]

IN bluſhing beams of ſoften'd light
Aurora ſteals upon the ſight:
With chaſte effulgence darts from far
The ſplendors of her dewy car;
Cheer'd with the view, I bleſs the ray
That mildly ſpeaks returning day.

Retire, ye gloomy ſhades, to ſpread
Your brooding horrors o'er the dead!—
Bane of my ſlumbers, ſpectres gaunt,
Forbear my frighted couch to haunt!
Phantoms of darkneſs, horrid dreams,—
Begone! for lo! fair Morning beams.

Emerging from the incumbent ſhade,
Her luſtre cheers the brilliant mead:—
Haſte, boy,—the tuneful lyre,—I long
To meet the goddeſs with a ſong;—
Haſte, while the Muſe exerts her powers,
And ſtrew her ſmiling path with flowers.

The violet, charg'd with early ſweets,
Fair Morn! thy cheerful preſence greets;
The crocus lifts her ſaffron head,
And bloomy ſhrubs their odours ſhed;
Ah! deign our incenſe to inhale
Borne on the gently-ſwelling gale.

When Morning's charms the ſong inſpire,
Be mine to wake the warbling lyre;
Oh, waft, ye breezes, to her ear
The mingled ſtrains of praiſe and prayer:
Bid her approve our faint eſſays,
And teach the offer'd gift to pleaſe.

For, ah! thy beauties to pourtray,
Fair mother of the infant day,—
What time in mildeſt ſplendors dreſt
Thy lucid form appears confeſt,—
Still muſt the admiring bard deſpair,—
Oh, Nymph—ſuperlatively fair!

Thy crimſon cheeks a bluſh diſcloſe
More vivid than the opening roſe;
Thy ſoftly-waving locks unfold
More luſtre than the burniſh'd gold;
The envious ſtars their lights reſign,
And Luna's beam is loſt in thine.

Mortals had lain, without thine aid,
Ingulph'd in night's perpetual ſhade:
The brighteſt colours but diſplay
A luſtre borrow'd from thy ray;
And every grace that art can boaſt
Without thy genial help were loſt.

Faſt bound in Lethe's dull embrace,
'Tis thine the ſluggard to releaſe;
Thou wak'ſt to life the torpid mind,
To deathful ſlumbers elſe conſign'd:
And pleas'd to ſhare thy tranquil ſmile,
Man with new vigour meets his toil.

Betimes the ſprightly traveller wakes:
The ſturdy ox his ſtall forſakes,
Patient his ſinewy neck to bow,
And bear the yoke and drag the plough;
His fleecy charge the ſhepherd leads
To graze beneath the ſylvan ſhades.

Lull'd in his fair one's gentle arms,
The lover if thy voice alarms;
If with regret the attractive couch
He leaves, and blames thy near approach;
Still let him deem thy call unkind,
And caſt the 'lingering look behind.'

His be the illuſive joys of night;
My boaſt ſhall be the cheerful light:
Give me to watch the orient ray,
And hail the glad return of day;—
And long, oh long—ye Pow'rs divine,
May ſuch reviving joys be mine!

SUMMER EVENING AT HOME.

[*From the second Volume of 'Poems by the Rev. William Lisle Bowles.'*]

COME, lovely Evening, with thy smile of peace
Visit my humble dwelling, welcom'd in
Not with loud shouts, and the throng'd city's din,
But with such sounds as bid all tumult cease
Of the sick heart; the grasshopper's faint pipe
Beneath the blades of dewy grass unripe,
The bleat of the lone lamb, the carol rude
Heard indistinctly from the village green,
The bird's last twitter from the hedge-row scene,
Where, just before, the scatter'd crumbs I strew'd,
To pay him for his farewell song—all these
Touch soothingly the troubled ear, and please
The stilly stirring fancies—though my hours
(For I have droop'd beneath life's early show'rs)
Pass lonely oft, and oft my heart is sad,
Yet I can leave the world, and feel most glad
To meet thee, Evening, here—here my own hand
Has deck'd with trees and shrubs the slopes around,
And whilst the leaves by dying airs are fann'd,
Sweet to my spirit comes the farewell sound,
That seems to say—'Forget the transient tear,
Thy pale youth shed—Repose and Peace are here.'

WINTER EVENING AT HOME.

[*From the same.*]

FAIR Moon, who at the chilly day's decline
Of sharp December, through my cottage pane
Dost lovely look, smiling, though in thy wane;
In thought, to scenes, tranquil and bright as thine,
Wanders my heart, whilst I by turns survey
Thee slowly wheeling on thy ev'ning way;
And this my fire, whose dim, unequal light,
Just glimmering, bids each shadowy image fall
Sombrous and strange upon the dark'ning wall,
Ere the long Evening sets in deepest night!
Yet thy still orb, seen through the freezing haze,
Shines calm and clear without: and whilst I gaze,
I think—around me in this twilight room—
I but remark mortality's sad gloom;
Whilst hope and joy cloudless and soft appear
In the sweet beam that lights thy distant sphere!

THE MOSS-COVER'D COT.

IN yon moss-cover'd cot, that's with ivy o'erspread,
The poor village cottager dwells;
There freely distributes his honest-earn'd bread,
As the plain rustic story he tells.

While his children sit smiling around him so gay,
Or climb up his knee for a kiss,
For the bread they receive—filial duty they pay,
And make it the cottage of bliss.

In the flow'r-woven bow'r, by the side of the cot,
Return'd from the toils of the day,
'Midst his fam'ly he sits, his fatigues are forgot;
They smile all his sorrows away.

'Tis a lov'd virtuous wife that adorns his neat cot;
Her looks are good-humour'd and gay:
Thus bless'd with a partner, content with his lot,
He smiles in the eve of his day.

Kingsland, May 28, 1803. J. M.

ELLEN; Or, VIRTUE'S TRIUMPH.

AN aged pair who dwell in yonder cot,
Whose time-worn features weary age proclaim,
Whose virtuous deeds bedeck the rustic spot,
Proclaim'd by Truth the acts of honest fame.

The frowns of Fortune lately threaten'd hard
To rob their humble roof of virtuous wealth;
But Heav'n, in kindness, their affliction spar'd,
And smiling Peace return'd to aged Health.

Their only daughter, beauteous Ellen nam'd,
Unknown to art, scarce 'scap'd Orlando's wiles;
Seduc'd from home, by villain arts detain'd,
Her aged parents robb'd of Virtue's smiles:

'Till sleeping Virtue wak'd in Ellen's breast,
Rous'd the fine feelings of a tender mind:
The blush of conscious guilt each look express'd:
She fled Orlando, for her parents kind.

Return'd, reclaim'd, each former fault forgot,
As aged friends forgive the faults of youth,
The merry villagers all crowd the cot,
And welcome Ellen in the paths of Truth.

Kingsland, August 1, 1803. J. M.

NIGHT.

HAIL, Night! congenial to the cheerless heart,
Shed thy deep umber o'er my care-worn mind;
That my perceptions, like thy shadows dark,
No trace of former happiness may find.

Then memory no more this breast shall warm,
Painting past scenes of rapture and delight;
Nor glowing visions shall my fancy charm,
Flush'd with the glare of Day's obtrusive light.

Once in full confidence I sought repose,
And yielded to affection my fond soul,
'Till painful doubts in this sad bosom rose,
And dark suspicion o'er my reason stole.

Of peace bereft, I hail Night's darkest shade,
To hide my anguish e'en from Pity's eye;
For hope is fled, and life's gay dream must fade;
Dark is my fate, and dark the lowering sky.

Farewell each blissful scene that charm'd my sight;
The voice of Friendship soothes not now mine ear:
Dead is my heart to every soft delight:
Life's current ebbs—check'd is the falling tear. E. W.

A CANZONET.

CEASE, Corydon, cease to reprove;
Your scandal shall never prevail:
The charming dear girl that I love
Would laugh should I mention your tale.

You say she's too forward and gay,
And prattles with every swain:
But her kindness these only display;
So now you've an answer again.

Oh, had you but seen the fair maid,
When first for her beauties I sigh'd!
Like mine, had your heart been betray'd,
Like me, for her love would have died.

Last Michaelmas-day, from our fair,
I conducted the nymph to her cot:
Not a shepherd, I vow, that was there,
But envied my happier lot.

In Phillis each charm is combin'd:
Her cheeks are as red as the rose;
Her skin is as fair as her mind;
And her eyes are far blacker than sloes.

How happy the shepherd must be!
But, hold! I must finish my song;
For, Corydon, Corydon, see,
My charmer comes tripping along.

August 3, 1803. ΙΑΚΩΒΟΣ.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Constantinople, June 6.

On the 26th of last month the porte received a courier, dispatched by the commander in chief in Egypt, with the intelligence, no less disagreeable than unexpected, that the city of Alexandria has been taken from the Turks. That important place is at present in the power of a corps of Albanians. These troops, the bravest and most resolute of the Ottoman army, composed, with others, the garrison of Alexandria; for several months they had received no pay, and all their representations on the subject were unavailing. The Arnauts, becoming impatient, made their officers conduct them to the residence of the pacha of Alexandria, who, from fear, instantly forwarded an order to the tefterdar, or paymaster-general, for the payment of the arrears. Provided with this order they repaired to the tefterdar, who resided at some distance from Alexandria. The latter, in a haughty tone, refused payment, alleging that he had no funds. This proceeding so irritated the Arnauts, that, after treating the tefterdar, and all those who were with him, with cruelty, they conducted him in chains to Alexandria. At the approach of the rebels, the commandant ordered all the other troops of the garrison under arms; the gates were shut, and the guns pointed against the mutineers. The latter, roused to fury, swore that they would conquer or die: they advanced with some ladders, and other instruments of attack, picked up in haste, scaled the fortifications of the city, where terror and consternation were already spread; and, in short, the rebels made themselves masters, in a few hours, of the important fortress of Alexandria, fortified by the French, and after them by the English. The pacha made his escape, with several of his partisans, by a gate opposite to that by which the assailants entered. The military chest fell into the hands of the Arnauts, and a number of the inhabitants became victims to their fury. The taking of Alexandria by the rebels may, in the present state of affairs, have very important results with respect to the whole of Egypt. The porte is anxious to employ all the means in its power for the reconquest of Alexandria; and the captain pacha will hasten his departure, with the fleet under his command, in order to accomplish this important object.

Hague, July 2. The king of England having refused to ratify the convention concluded with general Mortier and the Hanoverian government, and it being consequently resolved to disarm the Hanoverian troops, and treat them as prisoners of war, general Dessoles has set out for Hanover, in order to concert such measures with general Mortier as the present circumstances may require. It is also thought not improbable that the army of defence, that is collecting at Daventer, will also march for Hanover.

We are informed that a law is immediately to be promulgated, prohibiting the importation and sale of every kind whatever of English goods: it is not, however, known, whether this prohibition is to extend to colonial produce. Another law, also under discussion, has for its object to prohibit the exportation of corn, vegetables, &c.

The commission, composed of persons interested in the fisheries, authorised by government to claim the restitution of the boats that have been taken by the English, and to demand an unmolested exercise of fishing, have failed in a flag of truce: it is not expected here that the demand will be in the least complied with.

Lauenburgh, July 2. On the 30th of June, general Leopold Berthier, with some attendants, arrived at Hohnstorff, and was conducted by certain Hanoverian staff-officers to an interview with field-marshal Walmoden-Gimborn.—After a conference with marshal Wallmoden, the French general was conducted back to the ferry by lieutenant-colo-

nel Von Bock. He returned the ſame evening to Lunenburgh. It is believed, that general Berthier demanded, that the horſes, arms, and artillery of the Hanoverian army ſhould be immediately ſurrendered to the French; and that the common ſoldiers of the Hanoverian army ſhould ſubmit to go, priſoners of war, to France. Marſhal Walmoden is underſtood to have replied, that ſince his Britannic majeſty had not ratified the convention of Suhlingen, the Hanoverian army was not farther bound by it, and would expend the laſt drop of its blood ſooner than ſubmit to ſuch conditions.

Holſtein, July 4. On account of the preſent ſtate of things in Lauenburgh, the Daniſh cordon of troops on the confine between Holſtein and Lauenburgh has received a reinforcement of one thouſand troops.

By the laſt accounts, a new negociation has begun between the French and the Hanoverians, and the hope of peace returns.

Amſterdam, July 4. We are informed that the French government has demanded, in the moſt preciſe manner, that ſimilar meaſures ſhould be taken in this republic as thoſe adopted in France, to prevent every kind of communication, direct or indirect, with England.—It is expected that the exportation of every kind of proviſions will be ſeverely prohibited: orders are already given for the examination of veſſels at their ſailing, and for ſequeſtrating all thoſe whoſe papers are not conformable to regulation, &c.

Hague, July 12. Meſſrs. Six, Jacobſon, and Blanken, who were ſent to Paris about ſix weeks ſince from the Batavian government, returned hither this day. It is ſaid that the object of their negociations will be committed to the commiſſioners of ſtate who are deputed to meet the firſt conſul at Bruſſels.—There have been lately ſome new movements amongſt the French and Batavian troops in this country. A camp has been formed in North Holland, and another nearer to the frontier. There is alſo a report of forming a ſecond corps *de reſerve* in the province of Overyſſel. The former of theſe plans will certainly be carried into effect; the ſecond is more doubtful, as it owed its origin to ſome difficulties which had ariſen in Hanover, but which are now completely done away.

Milan, July 17. Admiral Nelſon has ſent ſeveral ſhips, that were about to enter the port of Naples, to Malta.—The Engliſh take all veſſels bound for ports which are in poſſeſſion of the French.

Tonningen, July 23. In conſequence of the blockade of the Elbe, there have put in here forty-ſix ſhips that were bound for Hamburgh, five for Gluckſtadt, five for Altona, &c.

Copenhagen, July 23. Our troops in Holſtein ſtill continue to hold the poſitions which they had taken contiguous to the Hanoverian frontier.

Since the beginning of this month, not fewer than 1294 ſhips having entered the Sound. Of theſe three hundred are Engliſh. Here are now three Engliſh frigates, a ſloop of war, an armed ſhip, and two cutters.

Mr. Liſton, the Engliſh miniſter, had an audience of the king on the 15th inſt.

No Ruſſian fleet has yet appeared here.

Weſmer, July 26. This town, formerly a poſſeſſion of the duke of Mecklenburg Schwerin, but transferred by the treaty of Weſtphalia to the crown of Sweden, is to be reſtored to Mecklenburg Schwerin, by a treaty which will be ratified at Hamburgh on the 15th of Auguſt. The ſum to be paid to Sweden is one million two hundred and fifty thouſand rix-dollars, of which an inſtalment of three hundred and fifty thouſand rix-dollars will be paid Auguſt 15.

Paris, July 26. Bonaparte is ſtill the declared head of the army of England. Some change, however, has been made in his ſtaff. General Berthier is to be chief, and Deſſolles ſecond, in command. Petiet, the counſellor of ſtate, is named director of the military adminiſtration, and general Donzelot is to command that part of the army which extends from Cherbourg to Dunkirk. The lieutenant-generals are ſaid to be Macdonald, Mortier, Soult, and Belliard.

Since the firſt conſul has inſpected the coaſts and the different ports of Flanders, the labours of the dock-yards are in a ſtate of great activity. The conſtruction of gun-boats as well as of flat-bottomed boats is going on at Oſtend and Bruges. The ſame is to begin without delay at Ghent, Ecluſe, Antwerp, Bruſ-

fels, Louvain, Dieft, and the other towns of Belgium. Some frigates are alfo to be built and armed at Oftend, Bruges, and Antwerp. Every thing now bears a warlike afpect in thofe provinces.

A number of dock-yards are eftablifhed on the borders of the Seine, from Rouen to Candeber. There every where prevails an extraordinary activity, which no pains are fpared to augment.

Auguft 1. That part of the fquadron from St. Domingo which was expected, and which confifted of five fail of the line, commanded by rear-admiral Bedout, happily arrived the 16th ult. The frigate Dido, difpatched from Guadaloupe, arrived at the fame time.

We are affured that the firft conful will remain but a fhort time at Paris, and that he will immediately vifit the coafts of Brittany. Admiral Truguet is named admiral of the fleet at Breft.

Admiral Brueix is appointed to command the expedition preparing at Boulogne.

The fquadron from St. Domingo is arrived at Corunna.

The arrival of the conful Lebrun, at Bruffels, is confidered as a prefage of the renewal of an important negociation, which will be carried on there, where a congrefs will be held, if England, opening her eyes to her interefts, and forgetting her animofity, will at length accept the mediation of the principal powers of the North.

The court of Sweden has publifhed its acceffion to the convention concluded two years ago, between Ruffia and England, relative to the commerce and navigation of neutrals in time of war.

Letters from Bruffels fay, that M. Lombard, privy-counfellor to the king of Pruffia, has offered the mediation of his court, conjointly with that of Ruffia, to endeavour to effect a pacification between France and England. Time muft fhew what foundation there is for this intelligence.

From Peterfburgh we learn, that a fleet is fitting out with great expedition at Cronftadt. It confifts of twenty fail of the line and feveral frigates. The corps of artillery in garrifon at Peterfburgh has had orders to hold themfelves in readinefs. It is faid that they are to be embarked, but there is no certainty as to their deftination. There will be this year, towards the end of fummer, grand manœuvres in the neighbourhood of Krafnofelo.

Deventer, Auguft 5. To-morrow, and the following day, the whole camp of Batavian troops on Gorfell-heath will break up and march to Breda and Gonda, and the French troops will march from our vicinity, which will be a very agreeable relief to the inhabitants of the country.

Hague, Auguft 6. Vice-admiral De Winter has arrived fafe in the Texel from Ferrol, on board a fhip under Pruffian colours. He yefterday came to the Hague, and was prefent at the council of marine. The fhip which brought him was four times vifited by the Englifh, but they did not recognife the admiral.

The French army of referve, which was to occupy a camp on Gorfel-heath, will not now be formed, unlefs fome unexpected occurrences take place.—The 104th demi-brigade belonging to that army has received orders to march to Ter Goes, and fome Dutch troops, which were to join the fame army, have received orders to march to Nimeguen and other places.

A camp of eight thoufand men will be formed at Gouda.

Our ftate-commiffion, which was fent to Bruffels, has returned, as has the French ambaffador Semonville.

Citizen Schimmelpenninck is likewife returned from Bruffels, and the report that he was immediately to be placed at the head of our government is not yet confirmed. He is gone to Hoorn, to receive his lady, who has returned from London, and is now there. It is now faid that he will go as commiffioner extraordinary to Paris. As it is fufpected that the Englifh have fome hoftile defigns on Zealand, the number of French troops there will be augmented to ten thoufand men.

All our maritime villages are provided with ftrong guards of cavalry and infantry. A ftrong military guard marches every day from hence to Scheveningen, being daily relieved, and at night reinforced with a piquet.

The minifter at war, Pyman, has returned with his attendants from the tour he has made, to infpect into the preparations carrying on for the defence of the republic.

There is a report that the French troops at the Hague will be withdrawn.

HOME NEWS.

Dublin, July 25.

ON Saturday evening, about half paſt eight o'clock, a body of rebels appeared in Thomas and James's ſtreets, to the number of five thouſand, regularly armed, and marching in regular order for the caſtle. Juſt at that time lord Kilwarden, who had been at his country-houſe (about five miles from town), hearing of the *riſing* (while at his dinner), was determined to quit the country and come to town; and, ordering his carriage, ſet off with his nephew and daughter. On coming to the canal, he ſaw a great mob on the banks of it, between him and town: he then ordered the coachman to drive through Thomas-ſtreet; and, unfortunately for himſelf, drove into the centre of the rebels, who pulled him out of the carriage, and piked him in eight places. His nephew thought to eſcape by jumping out of the carriage and running away, but he was followed and murdered. This delay, dreadful as the murder was, is conſidered to have ſaved the caſtle, as it gave time for a corps of the Liberty Rangers to get ſome men together, and attack them, in the event of which there was one officer and ſix or ſeven men killed, and the whole would have been put to death but for a part of the 62d regiment, who were quartered in a barrack not far from Thomas-ſtreet, coming up: the rebels then gave way, running in every direction, leaving eight or nine men dead only. The rebels killed ſome gentlemen, whoſe names I forget. Lieutenant-colonel Browne, of the 21ſt regiment, is killed, and a captain Cole, late of the ſame regiment of dragoons, is ſo badly wounded, as not expected to recover—he is an Engliſh gentleman.

Government have been ſince very active, and diſcovered *depôts* of various kinds; in one are taken thirty thouſand pikes; in others, ammunition to a great amount, and made up for various purpoſes, all after the French plan: in ſhort, the quantity is beyond the idea of any perſon. There was a trifling riſing, it is juſt now rumoured, in Belfaſt.

It is ſaid there are two bodies of rebels now in open arms in the county of Kildare; one body of them had poſſeſſion of Celbridge and Maynorth on Saturday night; but, we hear, they have withdrawn to the hills, finding their friends did not ſucceed in this town. We do not know what has occurred in the country yet.

The rebels put forward two proclamations.

Belfaſt, July 26. Some ſlight ſymptoms of inſurrection having been diſcovered in this neighbourhood, the neceſſary precautions have been taken for the defence of this town. Every thing, however, is quiet; and, whatever may be the wiſhes of the diſaffected, the vigilance and ſtrength of the loyaliſts are ſuch as muſt deter from attack.

Dublin, July 28. A party of the Lawyers' Corps on Tueſday ſeized a number of pikes in the timber-yard of Donnellan, in Baggot-ſtreet. They were concealed in pieces of timber, like thoſe which were diſcovered on the Coal-quay.

The ſame day a party of the Attorneys' Corps ſeized a quantity of ball-cartridges, powder, and ſheet-lead, at the houſe of one Hinchy, a grocer, at the corner of Cuffe-ſtreet. He denied having ſuch things in his houſe, when queſtioned before the ſearch. The powder was found ſecreted among large tea-caniſters, and ſome of the ball-cartridges in the drawer of the table at which he took his meals. Hinchy was taken into cuſtody, and is now in the Provoſt priſon, and the ammunition, &c. brought away on cars. Moſt of the pikes which have been recently diſcovered are upon the conſtruction of flat hold-faſts. The deſign of this, it is likely, was, that if any of the miſcreants were detected making them, they might allege they were beſpoke work for ſale at ironmongers.

There are above one hundred priſon-

ers in the Provost gaol, charged with rebellious practices. Two of the servants of the lord mayor are among them; also one Ryan, a coal-factor; Coghlan, an umbrella-maker, from the quay; and a young man of the name of Maguire (son of an opulent person in the city), who was taken in the dress of a sailor; most of the rest are country-looking ruffians, helpers of stables, and other persons of such low description.

London, July 28. Two hundred carpenters employed by government marched in a body, on Monday last, from the yard of Mr. Copeland, builder, in St. Martin's-lane, to Sheerness, where they are to be shipped for Gibraltar, to build barracks for the accommodation of the troops. Their contract is for twenty-eight shillings a week, and to be sent home again free of expence. Much satisfaction appeared among them at the nature of the service on which they were employed.

29. A few days ago a little boy, about twelve years of age, playing among some of the new buildings at Camden Town, fell into a well, in which there was near twelve feet depth of water, and for some time supported himself from sinking by clinging to the brick-work, but at length, being quite exhausted, and no one coming to his assistance, he sunk, and it was a considerable time before the body was got out of the water, when there was evidently a temporary suspension of life; but Mr. Andrews, the surgeon, coming past at the time, immediately used the means recommended by the Humane Society, and was so fortunate as to restore the youth to life and his perfect senses in the course of a few hours.

Cork, July 30. The present circumstances appear to require that we should mention, for the information of the country, the state of this city and county; and we have the satisfaction to say, that we cannot remember any period of greater tranquillity than now prevails in this city and the neighbourhood, notwithstanding two persons of considerable eminence in trade have this day been fully committed to the New Gaol, on charges of high-treason. Such was the confidence of the magistracy, that these persons were escorted to prison only by the sheriffs, one constable, and two soldiers.

London, July 30. Dispatches were received last night by lord Hawkesbury, and at the Admiralty, containing intelligence of the capture of the island of St. Lucie.

The orders to commence hostilities were received at Barbadoes by general Greenfield on the 17th of May. An expedition was fitted out, and on the 20th at night the fort of Morne Fortunée was carried by assault, and the island of St. Lucie was taken. Our loss in killed has not been great, but several officers have been wounded.

The Park and Tower guns were fired at noon.

August 1. Friday night, about seven o'clock, a young man, about eighteen years of age, went into a pond between Somers Town and Pancras, to bathe, when he was soon entangled by some weeds, and drowned. A middle-aged man coming accidentally by, immediately threw off his clothes, except his breeches and stockings, and leaped into the pond, when, after affording all the assistance he could, he also got entangled in the weeds and disappeared. His body was taken out in about twenty minutes, and carried to a neighbouring public-house, where means were used for his recovery, but without effect. It was above two hours before the other body could be found; a third man, who ventured for the preservation of the two former, was near sharing a similar fate; but having a rope tied round his body, he was drawn out.

Portsmouth, August 8. Yesterday evening this town and the whole country around were in a state of war-whoop, in consequence of a signal from the signal-post, at St. Catherine's, Isle of Wight, announcing 'that the enemy were on the coast in flat-bottomed boats.' The volunteers of this town, Portsea, and neighbourhood, were assembled on the glacis to be formed into companies, when a messenger arrived with a letter to general Whitelock, who was on the ground, communicating the event; he immediately called the officers together, and desired that when three guns should be fired from the platform they were to be armed with such weapons as they should think themselves most capable of using, 'in order to meet our most daring and implacable foe, who was on our coast.' The general then left the ground,

dispatched messengers to all the coast along, ordered the guns round the batteries to be loaded, all the recruits in the garrison to receive their arms, and indeed every measure was adopted that the nature of the event seem to demand. The flat-bottomed boats were armed, manned, and out of the harbour, in so short a space of time, as does the most infinite credit to captain O'Brien and the officers under him.

Admiral Holloway shifted his flag from the Gladiator to the Magnificent, of 74 guns, captain Jervis, at St. Helen's. and put to sea, with the Orpheus, captain Hill; Galatea, captain Heathcote; and the Starling gun-brig, lieut. Guyon. After repeated guns were fired from the Isle of Wight, confirming the signal, lights hoisted on eminences, signals repeated from the admiral's ship to the telegraph, and from thence to the next telegraph; every man momentarily expecting his services to be peremptorily demanded; and the inhabitants of the town kept in the most alarming suspense all night; the signal was annulled, by saying, 'It was a fleet of coasters, in company with several American ships!' The ships which put to sea are since returned, and the flat-bottomed boats are moored in the harbour.

15. Their royal highnesses the dukes of York and Cambridge, and attendants, with the general, admirals, and captains, paid a visit on board his majesty's ship Britannia, of 100 guns, in the harbour, commanded by the right hon. William earl of Northesk. Upon their royal highnesses getting on board, the standard was displayed at the mast-head, and a salute fired in honour of the royal visitors. Their royal highnesses then visited the dock-yard, and inspected with much satisfaction the numerous body of useful artificers in our arsenal, and recommended to the commissioner, sir Charles Saxton, one half-day's leave of absence from their duty for the workmen of every department in the yard, which has accordingly taken place. At half past twelve their royal highnesses took leave of this place, with their attendants, in three post-chaises and four, to proceed, it is thought, immediately to Southampton, and from thence to the Isle of Wight.

London, August 15. Captain Hallowell arrived this morning at the Admiralty, with the pleasing intelligence of the surrender of Tobago to his majesty's arms. As soon as the capture of St. Lucia had been effected, the troops sailed, under the command of general Greenfield, against Tobago, which was taken, we understand, without any loss, on the 30th June.

The Park and Tower guns were fired on the occasion at one o'clock.

Saturday the lord-mayor received information from the office of the right hon. lord Pelham, of several persons suspected to have a treasonable correspondence with the rebels in Ireland; in consequence of which his lordship sent several of his officers about two o'clock to the house of a Mr. Willes, an engraver, in Leadenhall-street, in which they apprehended a Mr. Thomas Classon, who had given Mr. Willes an order for a large seal, the size of a crown-piece, with the motto of '*Erin go bragh.*' A Mr. Davis, another engraver, was likewise taken up, having been concerned in this business. They all three underwent separately a long private examination before the lord-mayor, Mr. King, of the Alien-office, sir R. Ford, and several other Middlesex magistrates. Mr. Classon confessed giving the order for this seal, which, he said, he was going to use in his trade as a merchant, which he carries on to a great extent, under the firm of Classon and Jameson, in Burr-street, Aldgate. Several boxes of papers were brought from this gentleman's house to the Mansion-house, where they have been undergoing a strict investigation, and some of which are said to be of seditious tendency. It appears this gentleman had been an officer of the Middlesex militia; is a native of Ireland, from which he had made a precipitate retreat some time since, not with the most immaculate character; and the name of Jameson, added to the firm of his house, he calls a relation of his wife's, but no such person is to be found. He was ordered into close confinement on Saturday, and no person suffered to see him but in the presence of the gaoler, nor any letters to go to or from him without examination.

Dublin, August 16. Saturday last, Mr. Philip Long, of this city, merchant, was taken into custody, at his house in Crow-street, by the superintendent magistrate, on a charge of seditious practices, and is still detained.

BIRTHS.

July 22. In Orchard-ſtreet, the lady of H. M. Goold, eſq. of a ſon and heir.

23. Mrs. George Meredith, Nottingham-place, of a ſon.

26. At her father's houſe, in Baker-ſtreet, Portman-ſquare, the lady of captain Sober, of a daughter.

29. In Bloomſbury-ſquare, the right honourable lady Ellenborough, of a ſon.

In Dublin, lady A.M. Cotton, of a ſon.

The lady of Joſeph Blandford, eſq. of the Inner Temple, of a daughter.

At Great Henney Parſonage, the wife of the rev. Charles Andrews, of twins, a ſon and daughter, all likely to do well.

31. Mrs. Pariſh, of Guildford-ſtreet, of a daughter.

Auguſt 4. The lady of Geo. Lynn, eſq. of Southwick-hall, Northamptonſhire, of a daughter.

8. The lady of Charles Abbott, eſq. Queen's-ſquare, Bloomſbury, of a ſon.

At Twickenham, the lady of John Dean Paul, eſq. of a ſon.

9. At Bell-Vue, in the Iſle of Wight, the lady of G. Ward, eſq. of a daughter.

11. The lady of commiſſioner Otway, of a ſon.

Mrs. Grant, of Weſt-ſquare, of a daughter.

At Stepney-ſquare, the lady of A. W. White, eſq. of a daughter.

12. The moſt noble the marchioneſs of Wincheſter, at Rupert-houſe, of a ſon.

16. Lady J. Long, Hill-ſtreet, of a ſon.

17. The hon. Mrs. Barnard, in Hill-ſtreet, Berkeley-ſquare, of a daughter.

The lady of M. Lewis, eſq. of York-ſtreet, Weſtminſter, of a ſon.

MARRIAGES.

July 25. Wm. Bolland, eſq. of Knareſborough, to miſs Kempſter, of Chelſea.

28. R. Robinſon, eſq. New Bond-ſtreet, to miſs Robſon, eldeſt daughter of J. Robſon, eſq. Conduit-ſtreet.

Mr. Day, ſolicitor, of Gerrard-ſtreet, Soho, to miſs Mary French, of Dover-ſtreet, daughter of the late provoſt French, of Glaſgow.

The rev. H. Longden, rector of Rockbourne, Hants, to miſs Davies, Homerton.

Auguſt 1. John Harvey Tucker, eſq. of the Middle Temple, eldeſt ſon of the hon. James Tucker, of Bermuda, to miſs Mary Browne, youngeſt daughter of the late William Browne, eſq. formerly governor of that iſland.

2. Marſhal Bennet, eſq. of London, to miſs Eliza Cooke, daughter of Mrs. widow Iſaac Cooke, of Briſtol.

4. At his grace the duke of Hamilton's houſe, in Groſvenor-place, the right hon. lady Suſan Hamilton, to lord viſcount Fincaſtle.

Sir Hungerford Hoſkyns, baronet, of Harewood, Herefordſhire, to miſs Philips, youngeſt daughter of John Philips, eſq. at his houſe, Bank, Lancaſhire.

John Keate, eſq. of Eton-college, to miſs E. Brown, daughter of Dr. C. Brown, of Berlin.

5. John Iggulden, eſq. of Doctors-commons, to miſs Gotobed, only daughter of John Gotobed, eſq. of Little Sion-houſe, Middleſex.

John Simpſon, eſq. of Portland-place, and of Fair Lawn, near Sevenoaks, Kent, to miſs Barker, daughter of Robert Barker, eſq. of Croydon.

6. Tho. Braddyl, eſq. to miſs Frances Cheſter, of Hampton, Middleſex.

Mr. Maitland Falcon, banker, in Workington, to miſs Chriſtian, of Wigmore-ſtreet, eldeſt daughter of Mr. Joſeph Chriſtian, of the Strand.

9. The rev. J. Smith, chaplain to the hon. Houſe of Commons, and ſtudent of Chriſt-church, to miſs Anne Barnett, youngeſt daughter of the late hon. W. Barnett, of the iſland of Jamaica.

10. T. Billington, eſq. of Baker-ſtreet, Portman-ſquare, to Mrs. Ford, widow of the late John Ford, eſq. of Sunbury.

11. Philip Roche, eſq. of Limerick, to the hon. Anne Plunkett, youngeſt daughter of the right hon. lord Dunſany.

The biſhop of Limerick, to miſs Roſlewin.

Abel John Ram, eſq. eldeſt ſon of col. Ram, M. P. for the county of Wexford, to Frances A. Port, youngeſt daughter of J. Port, eſq. of Ilam-hall, Staffordſhire.

Charles Langford, eſq. ſon of the rev. Dr. Langford, to miſs Penrice, daughter of Edward Penrice, eſq. of Droitwich, Worceſterſhire.

12. The rev. William Page, ſecond maſter of Weſtminſter-ſchool, and ſtudent of Chriſt-church, Oxford, to miſs Mary Davis, ſecond daughter of Thomas Davis, eſq. of Biceſter, Oxon.

George Nigel Raynsford, eſq. of Lincoln's-inn, to miſs Catherine Peers, ſe-

cond daughter of Robert Peers, esq. of Chislehampton-lodge, Oxfordshire.

13. At the duchess of Buccleugh's, at Richmond, by the dean of Gloucester, and a special licence, sir Charles Douglas, bart. to lady Caroline Montagu.

E. Lumby, esq. to miss Phillips, of Roxby-lodge, Surrey.

David Ogilvy, esq. of Cockfoster, in the county of Middlesex, to Mrs. Rae, of Ladyfield-place, Edinburgh.

Matthew White Ridley, esq. eldest son of sir M. W. Ridley, bart. member of parliament for Newcastle-upon-Tyne, to miss Laura Hawkins, daughter of the late George Edward Hawkins, esq.

16. W. J. Stretton, esq. of Fitzroy-square, to miss Glover, daughter of the rev. R. Glover, of Dean's-yard, Westminster.

The rev. T. B. Stirling, of Strabane, Ireland, to miss Eliza Hall, second daughter of capt. W. Hall, of Shepperton, late of the hon. East-India company's service.

In Scotland, Dr. J. Stoddart, his majesty's advocate in the Admiralty of Malta, to miss Isabella Moncreiff, eldest daughter of sir H. Moncreiff, bart. of Wellwood.

17. Captain Alex. Francis Baillie, of the royal navy, to Mrs. Elizabeth Gordon, of New Town, Edinburgh.

18. The hon. John Dutton, son of the right hon. lord Sherborne, to the hon. miss Legge, only daughter of the right hon. lord Stawell.

DEATHS.

July 18. At Albano, near Rome, in the 73d year of his age, the right hon. and right rev. the earl of Bristol, lord bishop of Derry. He is succeeded in his title and estates by his only surviving son, lord Hervey.

19. At Cheltenham, miss Elizabeth Bentham, only daughter of the late rev. Edward Bentham, D.D. canon of Christ-church, Oxford, and Regius Professor of Divinity in that university.

26. At his house, in Upper Brook-street, Grosvenor-square, George Rush, esq. of Farthinghoe, in the county of Northampton, formerly a captain in the Middlesex militia.

At Tooting, Mrs. Jane Hotchkiss, late of Forty-hill, Enfield.

At her house, at Hampstead, Mrs. Debaufre, widow, aged 74 years.

That ingenious artist, James Malton, esq. of Norton-street, St. Mary-le-bone.

27. The rev. Matthew Kenrick, LL.D. rector of Bletchingly, Surrey.

29. At her son's house, at South-Lambeth, aged 82, Mrs. Alexander, relict of Mr. Shelton Alexander, of Norwich, and daughter of the late Henry Stebbing, D. D. chancellor of Sarum.

August 1. At Queen-street, Westminster, Mr. William Woodfall.

At Dublin, after a short illness, miss Rigg, eldest daughter of Mr. Rigg, formerly of Sussex.

2. At Carmarthen, John Phillips, esq. barrister-at-law.

3. At Whitehall, near Bristol, after a long and painful illness, the rev. Charles Page, of Northleach, Gloucestershire.

5. At Sandgate, in Kent, in the 18th year of her age, after a long and painful illness, which was supported with exemplary patience, miss Mary Bolland, 4th daughter of Mr. Bolland, of Clapham.

John Chalie, esq. of Bedford-square.

Mr. Shelley, of Wimbledon, Surrey, and Mincing-lane, London, father to the lady of Mr. Garthshore, one of the lords of the Admiralty.

7. At Hoddesdon, Herts, Benjamin Henshaw, esq. son of the late rev. Joseph Henshaw, rector of High Ongar, Essex.

9. In Manchester-square, the lady of William Garthshore, M. P. for Weymouth, having suddenly lost her father a few days before.

12. At Walthamstow, in the 17th year of her age, miss Eliza Phipps, second daughter of Mr. Phipps, of Copthall-court, Throgmorton-street.

14. In White-horse-street, Ratcliffe, at a very great age, and the oldest in the Greenland trade, being fifty years in it, captain R. Waterhouse, who, in his life-time, frequently said, that he survived every commander in the trade twice over.